

The Sketch



No. 565.—VOL. XLIV.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



[Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.]

MISS GERTIE MILLAR AND HER PIERROTS IN "THE ORCHID," AT THE GAIETY.

"YOU'VE BEEN A GOOD LITTLE GIRL,
SO COME ALONG WITH ME!"

"THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER: PHENOMENAL SUCCESS.

The Editor desires to inform his readers that the whole of the original issue of "The Sketch" Christmas Number has already been sold to the trade. A second large edition is now in active preparation.

The price of the Number, which will not be issued to the public until Monday morning next, is One Shilling. This includes the beautiful Coloured Plate, entitled "Sweet Captivity."

MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD.

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

The Sketch—Office, Monday, Nov. 23.

IT has long been recognised, both by those commercially interested in journalism and by the public at large, that the supply of daily papers, weekly journals, monthly magazines, and high-class annuals is quite inadequate to the demand. Lack of enterprise on the part of capitalists, together with lack of capital on the part of adventurers, has hitherto deprived this country of the literary sustenance that a liberal education has rendered necessary. During the course of the next few months, I am happy to say, this state of things will be, to a considerable extent, remedied. My readers will learn with satisfaction that two new daily papers are in course of preparation, five new weekly journals, three or four new monthly magazines, and a high-class Annual. One of the new dailies is to have a circulation of five million; the second will illustrate the news of the moment in a style never before attempted in this world or any other. As for the new weeklies, they are all to be priced at sixpence, all to be illustrated, and all to be published on Wednesdays. Under the circumstances, the slight tendency on the part of *The Sketch* staff to strut and swagger may be fully pardoned. Similar blows, from time to time, have been aimed at their modesty, so that they may be trusted, I think, to keep their heads.

Thanks to a blend of impudence and curiosity—one of the few commercial assets still remaining to me—I am able to give you some further hints as to the nature of these new papers. During the course of last week, I happened to meet, at different times, the five gentlemen mainly responsible for this sixpenny outburst.

"Tell me," said I to the first, "what sort of a paper are you thinking of giving us?"

"Well, old man," he replied, tracing a pattern on the pavement with his umbrella, "something after the style of *The Sketch*, you know, only brighter."

The second man was more communicative.

"Well, old fellow," he explained, "something after the style of *The Sketch*, you know, only less flippant. We shall appeal to the man who knows everything."

The third man was in a hurry.

"Well, old boy," he snapped out, "something after the style of *The Sketch*, you know, only more popular."

The fourth man shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, old son," he said, hesitatingly, "something after the style of *The Sketch*, you know, only different somehow."

The fifth man went into details.

"Well, old chap," he explained, "it will be a sixpenny illustrated weekly, published on Wednesdays, and dealing with plays, music, literature, current events of all sorts, sport, athletics, society, and so forth. But it won't be a bit like *The Sketch*."

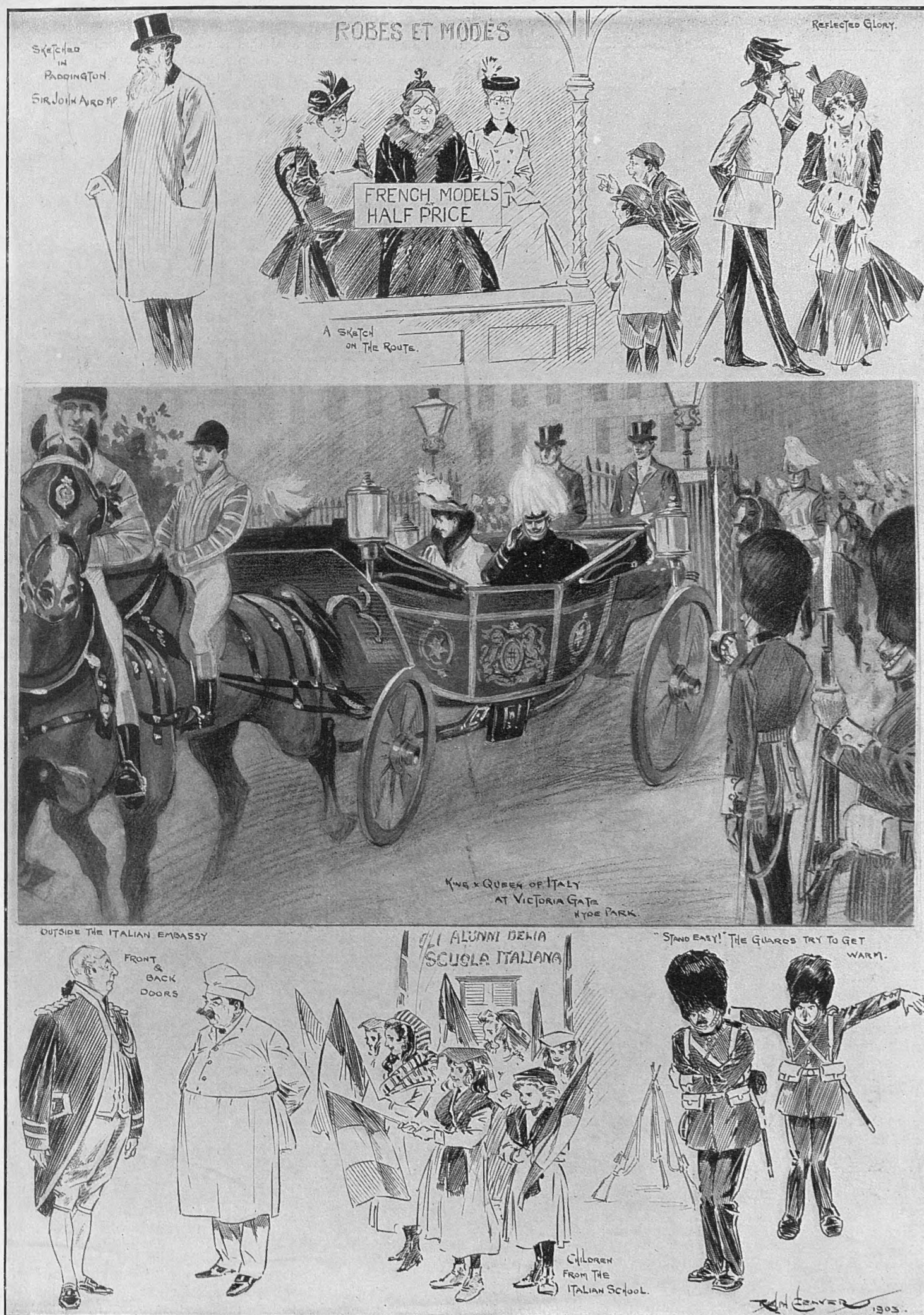
I congratulated him on his ingenuity.

In the meantime, I have received a copy of a tiny penny paper "which will appear as often as necessary." It is called the *Stage Society News*, and the title has the rare merit of explaining the nature of the contents. In an introductory note, the Editor proves himself a worthy member of the Society by striking an original, slightly gloomy tone. "The public," he declares, "has not expressed the slightest desire for a *Stage Society News*, and will have very little use for it." One does not wish to be paradoxical, but is there not a spice of humour in the writer's determined pessimism? Surely, no man entirely devoid of a sense of humour could bring out a paper that the public doesn't want, to give information about plays that the public won't go to see! At any rate, there is a grim mirthfulness about the *Stage Society News* that finds an echo in my November breast. I could have wished, however, that the promoters had given free rein to their cynicism and placed the words "CHRISTMAS NUMBER" at the head of this sad little sheet.

On Thursday evening last, on my way to the "House-warming Smoker" of the London Sketch Club, I found myself in the midst of a hoarse, beery crowd that traipsed to and fro between the ugly poles and beneath the tawdry scraps of bunting that were trying, cheaply enough, to decorate Oxford Street. They were the same poles and the same bits of bunting, of course, that insulted London on the occasion of the King's Coronation. Moreover, we may confidently anticipate that these dusty emblems will be called into requisition from time to time until the populace, wearying of feigned admiration, lay violent hands upon them and hurl them into the Thames. The dingy appearance of Oxford Street on Thursday evening last reminded me of a certain text that, for years and years, used to be stuck over the west-end door of our church at home when we were "decorating" for Christmas. The wooden frame-work of the text had been made to fit the arch of the door, and the poverty of the congregation prohibited the idea of procuring a new one. Every Christmas, therefore, we wrestled with the rusty hinges, the splintered wood, the tattered lettering, until, at last, the whole affair collapsed just as the church was being shut up for the night and nearly frightened the lonely vergers out of his wits.

Full of these mournful recollections, I climbed the steep stairs leading to the new home of the London Sketch Club. No sooner had I entered the outer room, however, than my fretful mood was choked with the clouds of tobacco-smoke and asphyxiated with the fumes of Sketch Club punch. And there I found President Hassall, bowing to guests and muttering asides to fellow-members, for all the world like a comic-opera major-domo; ex-President Dudley Hardy, too, acknowledging congratulations with one hand and anxiously guarding poor, battered "Little Mary" with the other; Walter Churcher—entertaining, stage-managing, entering into every little jest with the glee of a fourteen-year-old schoolboy; Tom Browne and Cecil Aldin, decked out in the picturesque attire of the London policeman; Starr Wood, beautiful as a poem in wig and gown; Rob. Sauber, pretty as a picture in evening-dress; René Bull, prepared to bring an ace out of your boot or a silk handkerchief out of your elbow at something under a moment's notice; and a whole crowd of other cheery, laughing, good-natured fellows intent upon heating the new house seven times hotter than the old one was wont to be heated. The climax of the evening came when the Club presented Hassall with a solid golden casket, and Hassall, weeping real tears of joy, declared the Club well and truly warmed.

Since I last wrote in these columns, the literary world has lost a novelist of world-wide fame and justly earned reputation; I refer, of course, to Henry Seton Merriman. Apart from his books, his readers knew little of him, for he shrank from revealing his own identity to the public. I never had the privilege of his acquaintance, but I always imagined him as a man of few words, entirely free from affectations, never changing his mind, tender to women, just to men, fearing nothing either in this life or the next. Such, at any rate, were the men that he loved to draw in his novels—old Steinmetz, Barlasch, and all the others whose names I have forgotten but whose personalities remain strongly impressed upon my mind. Merriman, in life, paid the penalty of reticence by never selling a hundred thousand copies of a novel; in death, he paid again by the extraordinary brevity of his obituary notices. A "stick" here, a few lines there—in such wise did our great daily papers dismiss a writer of romances whose name will live long after the "boomsters" have gone to their graves amid the roar of noisy panegyrics and the gush of "leaded-bourgeois" columns. . . . "Mademoiselle," said Steinmetz earnestly . . . "even my life has had its compensations. And I have seen lives which, taken as a mere mortal existence, without looking to the hereafter at all, have been quite worth the living."



VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY TO LONDON (Nov. 19).

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



That Tunnel—On the Thibetan Border.

I REMEMBER very well the tunnel which was responsible for Lord Kitchener's accident, and a very ugly place it is. The road to Mashobra runs through it, and anyone who wishes to go to that little paradise outside the bigger paradise has to pass through its darkness. One rides half-way round the great hill of which Rudyard Kipling has sung in his "Departmental Ditties" and told stories of in his "Plain Tales from the Hills," and as one traverses the hill-road which is made for riding and for the man-carriages, the rickshaws—only the wives of the Viceroy, the Lieutenant-Governor, and the Commander-in-Chief being allowed to drive—one looks over the great knolls on which are built the picturesque house of Snowdon, which is the Commander-in-Chief's official residence, and the bungalows of Elysium, to a vast valley in the shadows of which runs the Sutlej, and then to step upon step of vast hill, climbing gradually to those tremendous Himalayan peaks which are so high in the air that one has to look up at a greater angle than one does to see any other big mountains.

At last the waterworks are reached, waterworks which are always running short of water, and Sanjogi Bazaar, a strange cluster of dwellings, the flat roofs of which are covered with earth and become little fields, from which the unutterably dirty hillmen who live in the huts reap a crop of grain. A great ridge of rock then bars the way, and through this the tunnel has been pierced. It is very long and very dark and very narrow, and the gas-jets which are supposed to illumine it only make little patches of light at very long intervals. Whenever I passed through it, I was thankful that the hill-pony I rode had no nerves, and any spirited horse, seeing a squatting coolie suddenly rise in this darkness, would be likely to think that something very horrible and very uncanny was barring the way.

I was once in this tunnel when behind me came the late dare-devil Maharajah of Patiala and half-a-dozen of his scapegrace chiefs and retainers, and that day it occurred to His Highness that it would be amusing to gallop through the tunnel, so he put spurs to his horse. I heard the rout coming, and it sounded as though all the infernal regions had broken loose. My fat hill-pony did better time in getting to the mouth of the tunnel than he had ever done before, and I was just clear when all the wild youngsters came tearing past. I fancy this was the same day on which a famous General called a well-known native Prince who galloped past him on a hill-road "Slave-born," which was quite true, but which led to a most colossal quarrel, the details of which are now buried in the archives of India.

Once through the tunnel, the path leads on past some of the favourite picnic-grounds of Simla to a bunch of little houses, most of which are taken by the great Government officials as places of peace, where they can occasionally escape from dances and receptions and Baboos and the eternal "files" which are the great causes of the weariness of official life. From Mashobra the path goes as a thread zigzagging through the mountains, a tiny bridle-path, although it bears the high-sounding title of the "Great Thibetan Road."

It is not over this Thibetan Road that the expedition has moved into the Hermit Country, but by a more southern road, where Sikkim lies beyond the hill-station of Darjeeling, which people in very starchy Indian circles talk of as the Margate of Calcutta. This road I do not know, but I once was within measurable distance of travelling over it, when the treaty which has not been kept was about to be signed, and I used all the power of persuasion that was in me to

induce the Chinese Commissioner to say that he would sign the treaty in Lhasa and to allow me to go with him in any capacity.

The other well-beaten road into Thibet, the one up which Mr. Savage Landor went on the occasion when the Thibetans took him prisoner and tortured him, comes down from the higher hills into Kumaon, following the course of a river in which there is some excellent mahseer-fishing. It was my good luck to be sent one year to make a reconnaissance of this portion of our border, and my work took me as often as possible to a junction of streams, one of which comes down from the snows and the other from the lower plateau. The mahseer used to lie in one or the other stream according as the temperature of the water suited them. The natives used to throw in my teeth the feats of the "Commissioner Sahib" in casting spoon-bait, saying that he threw a line twice as far as I did, but, as that Commissioner Sahib was one of the finest rifle-shots and fishermen in India, I did not feel the disgrace very keenly.

I used to meet at the frontier village the Thibetans who brought down salt and borax over the passes, and a very curious-looking crew they were; but stranger than the men were their beasts of burden. They were the sure-footed little hill-sheep, and each one of them had its little saddle-bags, some of which were curiously embroidered with yak-hair. The Thibetans had flawed turquoises as ornaments, which they were not very anxious to sell, and blankets which were very rough, but the warmest covering I ever found. I bought a pair, and nearly broke the heart of my "dhobi" by the amount of washing I insisted upon before I took them into use.

THE "VENTURE."

The above is the name of a new illustrated annual which will very shortly make its entry into bookdom from the Pear-Tree Press. The Editors are Mr. Laurence Housman and Mr. W. Somerset Maugham. The volume will be illustrated entirely by wood-cuts, made by the best wood-cutters of the day. Here are the names of the art contributors, arranged alphabetically: E. Gordon Craig, Louise Glazier, Laurence Housman, Sidney Lee, T. Sturge Moore, Elinor Monsell, Lucien Pissarro, Charles S. Ricketts, Charles Hazelwood Shannon, Reginald Savage, Bernard Sleigh, and Paul Woodroffe. The latter has illustrated the end-papers with a beautiful peacock design.

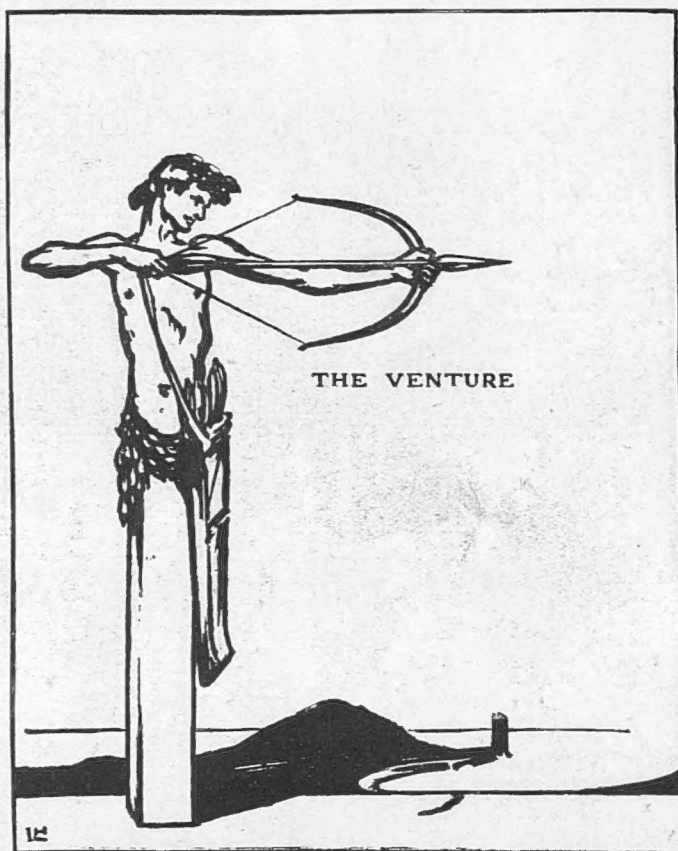
That the literary contents will be noteworthy may be gathered from the fact that they are provided by the following writers: Laurence Binyon, E. F. Benson, May Bateman, S. Boulderson, G. K. Chesterton, Havelock Ellis, Dr. Garnett, Stephen Gwynn, John Gray, Thomas Hardy, A. E. Housman, L. Housman, Violet Hunt, Mrs. Meynell, Charles Marriott, John Masefield, W. Somerset

Maugham, Stephen Phillips, Netta Syrett, Dr. Todhunter, and Francis Thompson.

The price of the *Venture* is five shillings net and the first edition will consist of 1500 copies. The book is of quarto size and beautifully got up, having very wide margins and being clearly printed in solid old English type on antique paper. Each wood-cut, however small, has a page to itself, which gives a restful effect for which one is grateful. It may also be added that the art contents do not illustrate the letterpress: each picture tells its own story.

THE LATE PRINCE SOLTYKOFF.

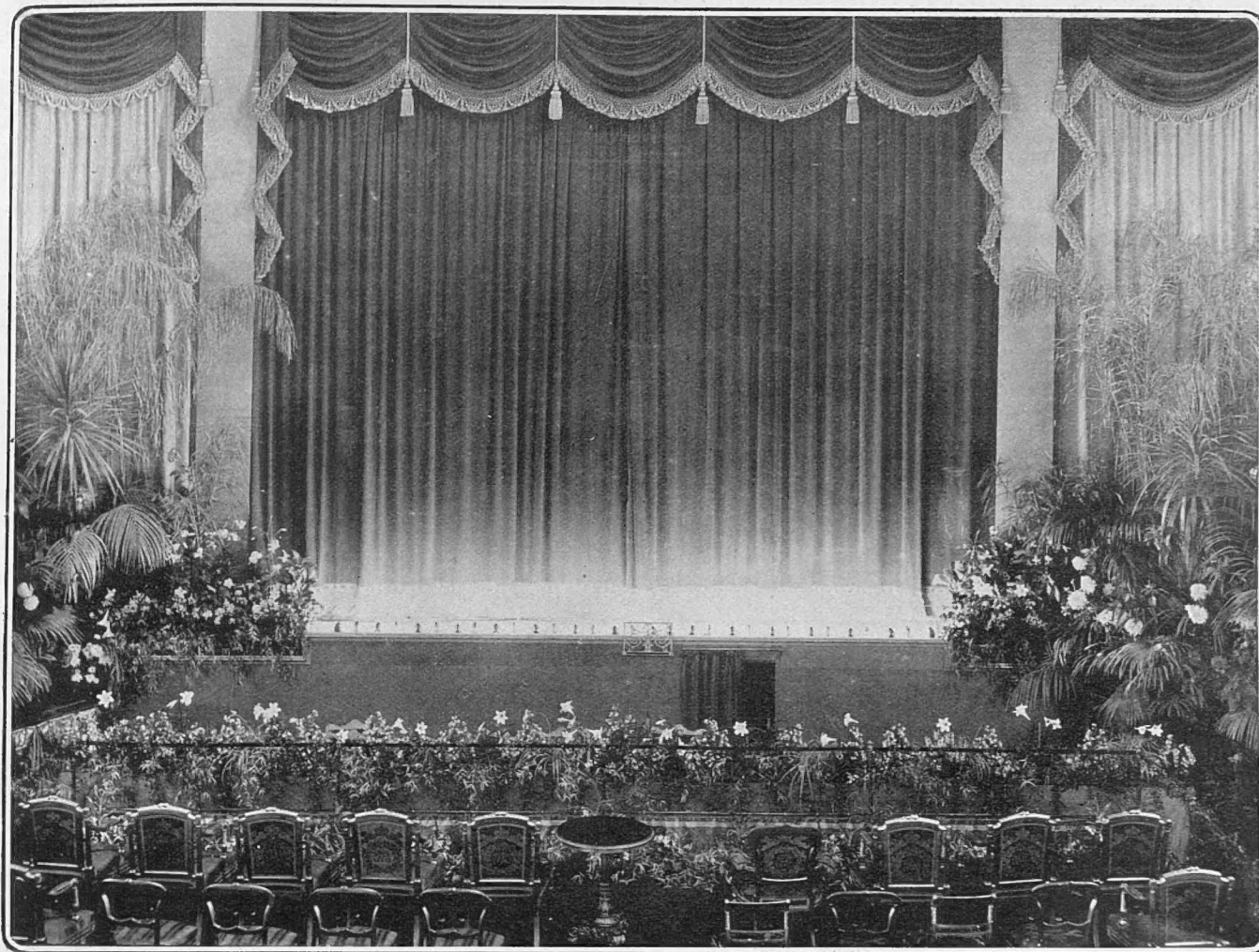
The death of Prince Soltykoff on Saturday evening last removed one of the best-known figures on the British racecourse. A Russian by birth, like so many other distinguished foreigners he had elected to make his home in this country. Though best-known as a sportsman, he had seen some service as a soldier and actually fought as a volunteer in the Russian ranks during the Crimean War, at the close of which he came to England on leave and never returned to his native country. A more enthusiastic lover of the Turf never lived and his death is universally regretted. The Prince had nearly completed his seventy-fifth year. The funeral takes place to-morrow (Thursday), the service being held at noon in the church of the Russian Embassy in Welbeck Street, while the interment will be at Kensal Green.



COVER-DESIGN OF THE "VENTURE," A NEW ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL.

Drawn by Laurence Housman.

VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY TO WINDSOR CASTLE (NOV. 17-21).



THE WATERLOO CHAMBER, ARRANGED FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF "DAVID GARRICK" (NOV. 19).



TABLE ARRANGED FOR STATE BANQUET IN ST. GEORGE'S HALL (NOV. 18).

Photographs by Russell and Sons, Windsor.

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THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

FOR NOVEMBER 28.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY

IN ENGLAND.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED.

THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

FOR NOVEMBER 28.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE King and Queen are now enjoying a quiet week after the brilliant visit of the King and Queen of Italy. Never was a series of State pageants more brilliantly successful than those organised in honour of our kindly Royal guests. The King has a perfect genius for ceremonial.

The suite specially appointed by King Edward to be in attendance on King Victor Emmanuel forms a most

interesting quartette. At their head stands Lord Kenyon, who has long been honoured with the friendship of the King, whom he serves as Lord-in-Waiting, as he before served Queen Victoria in the same office. He is not yet forty and is unmarried. In Shropshire and Flint, where he has broad acres, he takes his share of county business and is very popular. Eton and Christ Church prepared him for a career which will be yet more distinguished in the future, for he is a man of considerable ability. Of General Sir George Higginson an appreciation will be found in another column.

Two More Court Favourites.

The list is completed by Admiral Sir Henry Stephenson and Captain Holford. The Admiral, who is first and principal Naval A.D.C. to King Edward, is an old favourite at Court, and he served His Majesty, when Prince of Wales, for fifteen years as Equerry. At the same time, he has a distinguished list of war-services—Crimea, China, Indian Mutiny, Canada, and Egypt—he has been on an Arctic Expedition and he has commanded the Pacific Station and the Channel Squadron. He, too, is a bachelor, like Captain Holford, the fortunate owner of Dorchester House. Captain Holford, who has often placed his marble palace in Park Lane at the disposal of the Crown for the entertainment of distinguished guests, is particularly intimate in the Royal circle, for he was Equerry to the late Duke of Clarence till his death, and ever since he has been Equerry-in-Waiting to King Edward. He is a large landowner in the West of England and is universally popular.

In Attendance on Queen Elena.

Not less interesting are the suite appointed to attend on Queen Elena, namely, the Dowager Countess of Lytton and Viscount Churchill. Edith, Lady Lytton, who is twin with Lady Loch, was Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Victoria and afterwards to Queen Alexandra. She is a near kinswoman of the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chamberlain, and was given the Order of Victoria and Albert by the late Queen. Lord Churchill is another member of the small circle who are admitted to the really intimate friendship of the Royal Family. The only son of that remarkable woman, Jane, Lady Churchill, who was the trusted friend and confidante of Queen Victoria, and whose sudden death three years ago undoubtedly hastened the end of her Royal mistress, he may be said to have imbibed the atmosphere of the Court from his earliest years. He was only twelve when he became Page of Honour to Her late Majesty, who, as his godmother, had given him the names of Victor Albert. Queen Victoria also stood sponsor to Lord Churchill's son and heir, now a boy of thirteen, who is Page of Honour to King Edward and was much admired at the Coronation. Lord Churchill, who is Lord-in-Waiting to the King, has been Master of the Buckhounds and Conservative Whip in the House of Lords. He was created a Viscount at the Coronation. Lady Churchill, who possesses the Order of Victoria and Albert, is a sister of Lord Lonsdale, the Kaiser's friend. She received the high honour of a special invitation to the State Banquet at Windsor Castle on Wednesday.

Lord Wolseley.

Lord Wolseley, who is the literary hero of the moment, in despite of the general disappointment that his book stops short at the year 1873, and thus contains no delicious "revelations" worth mentioning, was long known as "Our only General." Certainly for years none of our little wars seemed complete unless Sir Garnet conducted it and received a few more honorific letters to add to his name. It is more than twenty years since he was made a Peer for his Egyptian Expedition, and three years later he was created a Viscount, with special remainder to his daughter Frances and her male issue. Though certainly no carpet knight, he is, like so many distinguished Irishmen, something of a

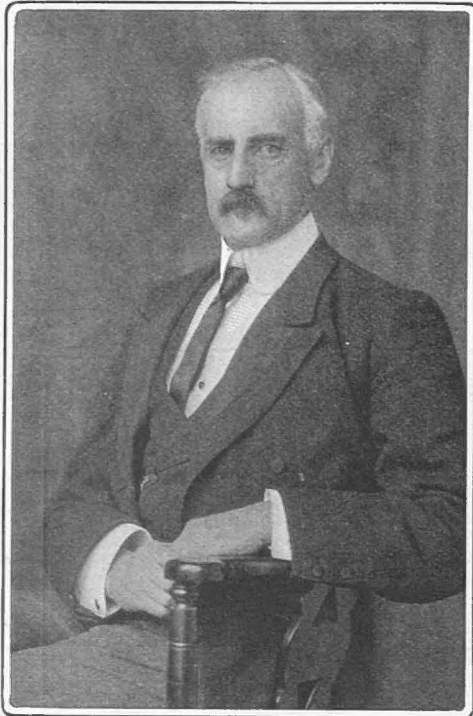
courtier. Thus he holds the mysterious office of Gold-Stick-in-Waiting to the King, and he was sent on a special mission to announce His Majesty's accession to the King of Greece and the Sultan. From the latter potentate he received the Order of the Osmanieh in brilliants. Lady Wolseley, a scion of the ancient family of Erskine, is, like her daughter, devoted to country life generally, and they are even fonder of their Sussex farm at Glynde than of their suite of apartments at Hampton Court Palace.



FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY: THE LATEST PORTRAIT.

Taken by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

Sir Walter Grove. Sir Walter Grove is an admirable example of a country-gentleman of the best type. Educated at Eton, he served in both the Militia and the Yeomanry of his county. So far, he has not shown Parliamentary ambitions, though his ancestors sat in the House of Commons in the sixteenth and seventeenth



SIR WALTER GROVE.

Photograph by Beresford.

centuries, and his father, who died only six years ago, represented the County of Wilts altogether for something like sixteen years. Lady Grove, who is a remarkably clever and charming woman, is one of the brilliant children of that extraordinary genius, General Pitt-Rivers of Rushmore, who gave the Pitt-Rivers anthropological collection to Oxford University. Her mother is a sister of Lord Stanley of Alderley, and she is thus a niece of Mr. Lyulph Stanley, the Bishop of Emmaus, the Dowager Lady Airlie, and Lady Carlisle.

Lady Violet Brassey is one of a strikingly pretty pair of sisters, the two elder daughters of the new Duke of Richmond,



LADY VIOLET BRASSEY AND HER CHILDREN.

Photograph by Speaight, Regent Street, W.

and her marriage to Mr. Leonard Brassey, of Preston Hall, was one of the smartest social events of the Season of 1894. It followed at a short interval that of the bride's brother, the present Lord March, to one of the bridegroom's sisters. Lady Violet Brassey is devoted to her beautiful home, Preston Hall, which is among the most charming places in Kent, and though the house is not actually very old, the hall which forms the centre of it looks as if it had stood there a thousand years, the more so that it is hung with very fine tapestry representing scenes closely connected with the district, notably the Battle of Aylesford. As was to be expected in one

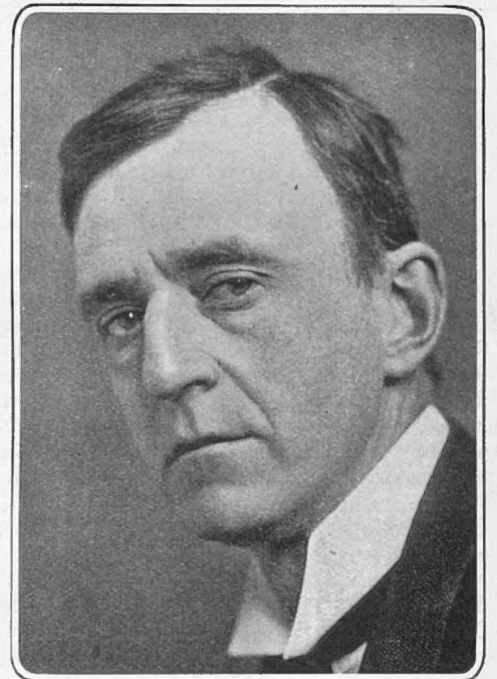
Sefton Lodge, which once belonged to "Mr. Manton," the Dowager Duchess of Montrose. Both Mr. Brassey and Lady Violet are devoted to hunting, and they often spend the winter in the Grafton and Bicester countries. In the autumn, Lady Violet often helps her father to entertain parties of his old friends at Gordon Castle, and, when there, she and her sisters enjoy salmon-fishing in the Spey.

An Artistic Æsculapius.

Doctors often take up some artistic pursuit by way of recreation, and there is certainly something akin in the exquisite lightness of touch required by both surgery and sculpture, for example. But it is not often that an eminent surgeon absolutely abandons the lancet for the palette. Mr. Tonks, who is an Assistant Professor at the Slade School of Art at University College, Gower Street, is one of the few examples of this. Like Sir Seymour Haden, he attained eminence as a surgeon, for he won the qualification of F.R.C.S., which is notoriously hard to get. Art, however, claimed him in the end, and, as he is still comparatively a young man, he has plenty of time in which to win fresh laurels in his new career. It is curious that he should also resemble Sir Seymour Haden in being an enthusiastic disciple of old Izaak Walton.

Fiscalitis.

Mr. Chamberlain continues his propaganda; the Liberals have united themselves against it; and Unionists are divided into Leagues and sections and subsections. Many of the Conservative members have frankly committed themselves to Mr. Chamberlain's policy; some consent to go as far as Mr. Balfour proposed at Sheffield in the way of retaliation, but refuse to go farther; others support Mr. Balfour with sympathy for Mr. Chamberlain; a few stand by the present system of Free Trade. There are as many varieties of predictions with reference to the approaching Session. The Government will not survive the Address, say some; they will fall on the Budget, say others; they will live for a year or two, repeat the faithful. Much will depend on whether Mr. Chamberlain permits Mr. Balfour and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach to play together.



MR. TONKS, AN ASSISTANT PROFESSOR AT THE SLADE SCHOOL OF ART.

Photograph by Beresford.

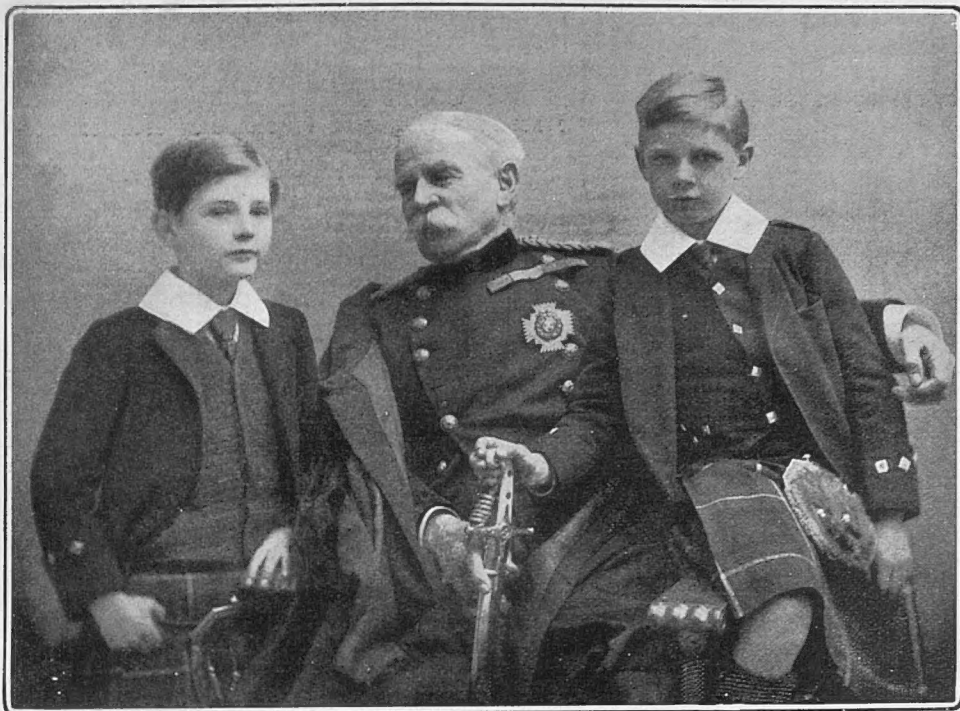
"Let bygones be bygones," said Lord Rosebery to old Liberal friends. "It is good news to us all," responds "C.-B.," "that he is to co-operate with an active Liberal Party." Thus Mr. Chamberlain, the wonder-worker, has not only broken up one Party, but reunited another. Even the Little Englanders have given a welcome to Lord Rosebery, for they appreciate his value in the present crisis. He and Mr. Morley are, perhaps, the only Liberals whose words reach as great an audience as Mr. Chamberlain's. It is probable that the leaders of the Opposition have arrived at an understanding as to whom they will serve under when at last their side wins.

Editors as Candidates.

Mr. Ronald McNeill, the editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, has been addressing meetings in West Aberdeenshire as prospective Unionist candidate against Dr. Farquharson. Like many other Ulstermen, Mr. McNeill is a good speaker, but Dr. Farquharson, "the Laird of Finzean," is so popular in his own county that an opponent fights a forlorn hope. Mr. Robert Donald, who began life in a humble capacity in the North of Scotland, and who has just been appointed managing-editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, is among the Liberal candidates of the Metropolis. It is not every man who can combine editorship with Parliamentary life. Mr. T. P. O'Connor has shown how it can be done. Mr. John Morley resigned the editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette* soon after he was returned for Newcastle.

The late Princess Elizabeth.

The tragic death of the little Princess Elizabeth of Hesse has aroused widespread sorrow in Germany. It occurred with painful suddenness from a dysenteric disease on the eve of Her Royal Highness's departure with her father from Russia to Darmstadt. On her mother, who since her separation from the Grand Duke has lived chiefly at Coburg, the fatal news created an impression all the more terrible as it had been arranged that the little Princess should spend the next few months in her custody.



GENERAL SIR GEORGE HIGGINSON AND HIS SONS.
Photograph by the Cameron Studio.

Sir George Higginson.

We publish a characteristic portrait of General Sir George Higginson, who had the honour of being specially appointed by His Majesty to be in attendance on the King of Italy. He is a soldier and the son of a soldier, General G. P. Higginson, of the old 94th, to wit, while his mother, who was a daughter of the first Earl of Kilmorey, a most wonderful old lady, lived to the great age of ninety-eight. Sir George, who is an Old Etonian, served for thirty years in the Grenadier Guards, including the whole of the Crimean War, and was twice promoted for service in the field. Afterwards he commanded the Brigade of Guards and the Home District, and held for five years the delightful and interesting office of Lieutenant-Governor of the Tower. Lady Higginson is a sister of the present Lord Castletown of Upper Ossory.

King Peter of Servia.

This photograph of the present occupant of the Servian throne was taken in the New Konak at Belgrade on the 8th inst. King Peter was then "sitting" for his portrait, the painter being the Princess Lwoff-Parlaghy, a Hungarian resident of Berlin. The Princess is a great celebrity in the world of art, and is considered by many competent judges to be the foremost lady portrait-painter in Europe. His Majesty of Servia is portrayed in full-dress scarlet coat set off with national decorations, and it is said that the picture will be exhibited in London in the course of a few days.

French Duels.

The fatal duel which has just taken place on the island of La Grande Jatte, near Paris, recalls another fatal duel which was fought a few years ago. A rising young musician of Paris was engaged to a pretty girl at Bordeaux and was shortly to marry her. But a cousin of the bride who was jealous of the successful lover quarrelled with him and boxed his ears in public. The young musician could not fence, but was determined to be revenged, so he broke off his engagement and went to Montserrat, the famous fencing-master. With a year's hard practice he became a skilled fencer, and then he went back to Bordeaux and at the Club where he had been insulted he boxed the cousin's ears. The next day the two men fought a duel, and at the first encounter the musician ran his adversary through the body with a thrust known as the "coup de Montserrat." The cousin died almost at once and the musician was tried for homicide; but he told his story to the Jury and was unanimously acquitted.

Improvements at Ostend.

In a short time the last of the dunes to the west of Ostend will have disappeared to make room for the new boulevard to be called the Prince Albert. These dunes used to be crowded on days when the races were held, as they gave a splendid

view of the whole course and the enclosures. Now, a Grand Stand is to be built all along the front of the Digue, the ground-floor of which will be open to the public and the first-floor reserved for the King. At the same time, behind the garden of the Châlet a number of villas will be built, the King constructing the houses at the two ends of the row, and the rest of the land being sold for building. All the houses will have an open arcade under the first-floor, just as the houses in the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue de la Paix have in Paris, so that it will be possible to walk the whole length of the row of villas under cover. Since Ostend abolished its gambling-tables it has lost a great deal of its popularity, but the King seems determined that nothing shall be left undone to render the town attractive to visitors.

"Many Happy Returns."

To-morrow (the 26th) our pretty and popular Princess Charles of Denmark will receive hosts of congratulations and *cadeaux* on her natal day. Like her brother, the Prince of Wales, and her sisters, the Duchess of Fife and Princess Victoria, she was born at Marlborough House, with which she has the associations of her happy childhood and where she is ever a welcome guest, for she is the kindest of aunts to her little nephews and niece. She has a fine little boy of her own now, born this year, who is an object of great interest to his small cousins. Princess Charles is noted in the Royal Family for her ready wit and the charm and brightness of her conversation. Her literary talent, which is marked, has, so far, been exercised "for private circulation only." Princess Charles is a great favourite with the King of Denmark, the father of her father-in-law, and was particularly gratified by his recent appointment to be a General in the British Army. Her own husband, Prince Charles, is an Honorary Lieutenant in the British Navy.



KING PETER OF SERVIA "SITTING" FOR HIS PORTRAIT. THE PAINTER IS PRINCESS LWOFF-PARLAGHY.

*Sarah Bernhardt's
Fort on Belle-Ile.*

Belle-Ile, where the famous French tragédienne has her best-loved home, is one of the finest islands of the group composing the corner of Brittany called the Morbihan. It contains four towns, five light-houses, and several Coastguard Stations. The crossing from Quiberon



LIEUT.-COLONEL DOUGLAS HAIG, C.B., INSPECTOR-GENERAL
OF CAVALRY IN INDIA.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner

takes some fifty minutes, and, the sea being usually very rough, with treacherous rocks stretching far out from the land, there is always a spice of danger in making Belle-Ile. Indeed, the sunken rocks in many parts render access impossible except to small rowing-boats. "Rocher-les-Aiguilles," the site of the great actress's island-home, is situated on the most picturesque part of the coast, where the waves are particularly turbulent and thousands of sea-birds have their habitat.

The house is in reality an old Fort, dating from 1750, and it is said that Madame Bernhardt gave a mere song for it, and that, but for her name and fame, it would have been "knocked down" to a humble native for less than fifty pounds. However, the Fort has been restored, painted white, and is now almost surrounded by modern buildings erected for use rather than beauty. A flag is kept hoisted when the Queen of the Fort is in residence. Madame Bernhardt is the idol of the sturdy fisher-folk of Belle-Ile, and she frequently entertains parties of her Parisian friends in her lonely island stronghold. It is whispered that she delights in leading some of her more corpulent actor-friends up and down the precipitous paths round her home, and, as she is fleet of foot and absolutely fearless, her companions usually arrive back at the Fort in a state of perspiring exhaustion and with a resolute determination never again to venture so far afield with their fair hostess.

*Kings of Italy
in England.*

King Victor Emmanuel III. is not the first King of United Italy to visit this country, for, at the time of the Crimean War, his grandfather, Victor Emmanuel II., who, as King of Sardinia, was one of the Allies against Russia, came on a visit to Queen Victoria, and was made a Knight of the Garter. The "Rè Galantuomo" was a most powerful man, and many are the stories told of his personal strength. When he was invested with the Garter, the Duchess of Sutherland remarked that, of all the Knights of the Garter, he was the only one who looked as if he could have beaten the Dragon in single combat.

*In Debt to the Old
Duke.*

Colonel Douglas Haig, who has just obtained his great chance in being appointed Inspector-General of Cavalry in India, the post in which Sir George Luck first made his reputation, may be said to owe his career in the Army to the Duke of Cambridge. He had got his troop in the 7th Hussars and had passed the entrance examination for the Staff College, when a wretched Medical Board suddenly convicted him of colour-blindness. In vain Captain Haig produced specialists, both

English and French, who declared that he was not colour-blind. The Medical Board was inexorable, and the promising young officer would never have been able to write those valuable letters "P.S.C."—denoting "Passed Staff College"—after his name if the Duke of Cambridge had not interfered. The Duke, who was then Commander-in-Chief, with his accustomed kindness, gave Captain Haig his own nomination to the College. This dispenses the lucky recipient from all examinations, and the result was that the career of a most valuable officer was not interrupted. The Soudan advance of 1898 showed Captain Haig's powers, and he was "mentioned in despatches," which is not at all a barren honour when you are serving under "K. of K." In the Boer War he was Assistant-Adjutant-General of the Cavalry Division and won a "C.B.," being afterwards given the command of that crack corps the 17th Lancers.

"To a Cab-horse." A letter by Mr. Briton Riviere on London horses, in which the famous artist remarks that "these beautiful creatures . . . bring us daily face to face with the most lovely of living forms, so lovely, indeed, that Nature in its wildest and most inaccessible ranges can hardly surpass it," has so moved a correspondent of poetic tendencies that he has sought relief in this touching ode to the Metropolitan cab-horse—

Most exquisite creature! As onward you crawl
Through the mud and the mire of the weebegone Strand,
Now jogging your fastest to answer a call,
Now checked by the wave of a constable's hand—
How little you deem that, though others are blind
To that grace which puts Nature herself to the blush,
An artist in you will undoubtedly find
A subject most fit for inspiring his brush.
'Tis true that your tail is ill-covered with hair;
You're spavined, alas! and you move not with ease:
You're thin, and your bones can be seen here and there,
And you're really a little bit weak in the knees.
Yet heed not those empty-brained scoffers who rail
At your little defects with unmannerly jape.
Persimmon had only four legs and one tail,
And Pegasus, even, was something your shape.
When Jehu, annoyed at your leisurely gait,
Makes liberal use of the whip in his hand,
When short-tempered fares, out of reason irate,
Use words which, I hope, you do not understand—
With fortitude bear those unmerited blows,
And take not those underbred insults to heart,
But pity the ignorant being who shows
That his mind is too gross to appreciate Art.



MISS GAYNOR ROWLANDS AS HESTER IN "MY LADY MOLLY,"
AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

A Delightful Writer.

Mrs. de la Pasture is one of the few modern writers of fiction whose personality is completely hidden from the world. Her portraits do not illumine the Press, her methods of work are not discussed, and, in spite of the great success of her first novel, "Deborah of Tod's," she



MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE,
AUTHOR OF "DEBORAH OF TOD'S."

Photograph by Bullingham, Harrington Road, S.W.

has only published three other stories since its appearance six years ago. Mrs. de la Pasture comes of a well-known Diplomatic family, and she was a grand-daughter of General Sir Henry Floyd, whose beautiful sister married the great Sir Robert Peel. Her home is in Wales, and she is a first-rate amateur actress and devoted to private theatricals; indeed, her first essay in literary work was entitled "The Little Squire," a charming comedy which was played at the Lyric Theatre.

A Clever Lady-Dramatist.

Miss Clothilde Graves, in spite of the fact that she is still in

the sunny time of life, has long been distinguished among that small group of women who write successful plays. Miss Graves, who is descended from Charles the Second's famous naval architect, Admiral Sir Anthony Deane, comes of good Irish fighting stock. She made her debut as a dramatist some fifteen years ago, and was entrusted shortly after with the really responsible task of providing the plot and words of one of Sir Augustus Harris's most successful Drury Lane pantomimes. Then came a series of serious plays, including "Dr. and Mrs. O'Neill," which had an extraordinarily successful career in America. More recently Miss Graves's versatile talent has been seen in several farces, and she is now at work on a play in collaboration with Lady Colin Campbell. When not engaged in dramatic work, Miss Graves writes novels and short stories, many of which have appeared in the pages of *The Sketch*.

"Rude as an Englishman."

An amusing controversy is raging in the German Press on the subject of British manners (writes our Berlin Correspondent). "Rude as an Englishman" has served the Germans for more than a century as a stock phrase to express a conventional prejudice. Montaigne, by the way, shared the prejudice, and Goethe gave it currency among his countrymen. With great temerity an anonymous writer has now arisen who ascribes Goethe's language to personal pique, and declares that "British impoliteness" is a figment of German malice. He advances his experiences in London as proof of his argument that England is the home of true politeness and that Germany ought to take lessons from her. As the reward for his temerity the writer has received a shower of epistolary stones directed at him from the glass-houses of his readers. It is admitted that among themselves the British are generally polite at heart, but to foreigners, it is contended, their behaviour is the acme of insolence.

I will not recapitulate the hundreds of anecdotes retailed for the purpose of illustrating the true inwardness of the British tripper, but merely raise a personal protest against the assumption, which is general here, that Germans, as distinguished from Englishmen, are more polite to foreigners than to their own countrymen. It is, on the contrary, a very patent fact that, in order to avoid the reproach of showing excessive courtesy to "strangers," Germans frequently go to the extreme of rudeness. A prominent part in the controversy, by the way, has been played by Mr. Balfour's Parliamentary legs. It is inconceivable to our Teutonic cousins, with their formal manners, how the Prime Minister of a World-Empire can so degrade himself as to sit before the representatives of the people with his feet on the table and his knees cocked to a level with his head. I doubt if Count von Bülow has ever crossed his knees when in the Reichstag.

The Kaiser.

Now that the recovery of the German Emperor is happily established, it is freely admitted that, prior to the operation, his condition was the cause of grave anxiety both to himself and his medical attendants. The existence of a growth in His Majesty's throat was discovered more than two months ago. The secret was admirably kept. Not until the microscopical examination of the excised polypus had placed its harmless character beyond all

doubt was the nation informed that its Sovereign had been ill. Most elaborate precautions were adopted to prevent a premature leakage of information. Professor Moritz Schmidt was conveyed late at night to the Palace at Potsdam and remained there incognito for two days before the operation. Of the domestics, only the aged and trusty servant who attended the late Emperor Frederick during his illness was admitted to the secret, and he alone, in addition to the medical attendants, was present during the operation. The Emperor himself edited the announcement in the *North German Gazette*, and despatched the necessary telegrams to his relatives and to the federated Sovereigns of Germany. He had obtained before the operation was performed the word of honour both of Professor Schmidt and Professor Orth that he should be informed without reserve as to the nature of the disease. He also directed that, if the result of the examination were unfavourable, the Grand Duchess of Baden alone should be spared the full shock of the tidings.

The Riviera.

As soon as the Emperor William is fit to travel he will go to San Remo, where the Villa Zirio has been retained for him. With the approach of the cold weather the Riviera is rapidly filling up, and one of the latest to take up his abode there is the Grand Duke Michael Nicolaevitch, whose health has already improved during the short time he has been on the shores of the Mediterranean. The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess George, the Grand Duke Serge, and the Grand Duke Michael and the Countess Torby are at the Villa Kasbeck, and the Comte and Comtesse de Caserta, with the Prince and Princess of the Asturias, are at the Villa Maria Theresa. Not only are the villas filling rapidly, but the hotels are also thronged with visitors, and the season on the Riviera promises to be one of the most successful of recent years, though, as yet, most of the visitors are Russians.

Surgeon to the King and Prince.

Sir Alan Reeve Manby, who had the additional distinction of being dubbed a Knight by the King at Sandringham immediately after his name had appeared in the list of Birthday Honours, enjoys the confidence and friendship of His Majesty and of the Heir-Apparent, to both of whom he is Surgeon-Apothecary. In these days, of course, the holder of this Court appointment does not pound up drugs with a pestle and mortar as his predecessors, no doubt, did. To him has fallen the responsible duty of ushering into the world the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales, whose condition of blooming health and vigour testify to the solicitude with which Sir Alan

has watched over their tender years. Two years ago he celebrated his Silver Wedding, Lady Manby being a daughter of the late Mr. Edward Farrar, of Petygard Hall, Swaffham, and then received many gratifying signs of the esteem in which he and his wife are held by the Royal Family. Sir Alan and Lady Manby were specially invited by their Majesties to be present at the recent performance of "A Marriage of Convenience" by Mr. Waller's Company at Sandringham.

Mr. M. H. Spielmann, who was the first to detect an error of four years in the dates of Marie Bashkirtseff's Diary, an error which made out that Marie was really four years older than she professed to be, now tells us that we are not to blame Marie herself for any deception, and that the suspicious element in her Diary is due not to her, but to certain persons in the background who were first responsible for the publication.



MISS CLOTHILDE GRAVES,
AUTHOR OF "A MOTHER OF THREE" AND MANY OTHER FARCES.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



SIR ALAN REEVE MANBY,
SURGEON - APOTHECARY TO THE KING.
Photograph by Kate Pragnell, Knightsbridge.

SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

PARIS.

"Wolf" has been cried so often with reference to a probable revision of the Dreyfus Case that it would hardly seem worth while to chronicle the rumour which is to the fore again, if it were not that this time it has gained in strength and likelihood, and that by the time these lines are in print General André may actually have ordered an inquiry into the conditions of the celebrated second trial. Talk in the newspaper offices here ascribes three grounds for a new trial as those which General André will put forward if he demand one. These grounds are an illegal tampering with the opinions of the seven Judges by the showing of documents to them which the defence and prisoner were never shown, Cernusky's evidence, and, last and most sensational, the revelations of a spy who has been recently arrested.

There is so much talk just now of "La Montansier" that it may be not uninteresting to *Sketch* readers to learn something of the history of the pretty woman whom Madame Réjane is, or possibly is not, to personate upon a Paris stage in a few weeks. "La Montansier," whose real name was Marguerite Brunet, made a picturesque entry into the good town of Paris. Upon the journey from Bayonne her beauty had attracted the notice of a young noble of good family, who offered her his hand and escort on arrival, and—for she did not know the town at all—succeeded in kidnapping her. Mademoiselle held her own, however. She offered to listen favourably to the young nobleman's suit if, as a token of the love he said he bore her, he would summon his friends to a supper in her

honour and introduce her to them as his future wife. He did so, but "La Montansier" stood up, told her story, and asked for protection. Twenty swords left their scabbards—men wore their swords at dinner in those days—and Mademoiselle left her Don Juan's house hedged in by steel, and the next day was the chief subject of the town talk and the toast of Paris. She soon made use of her opportunities, and went upon the stage, but she did not succeed particularly well. Then she became the manager of theatres in Rouen, Caen, and Havre, made money, and—after her marriage to a young actor named Neuville, whom she had loved for many years—went to Versailles, was there received at Court, and soon became a great friend of Marie Antoinette. Then came the Revolution, and "La Montansier" left Versailles and took a theatre in the Palais-Royal, the Salle Beaujolais. She was a friend of Camille Desmoulins, of Danton, and even of Philippe Egalité, for "La Montansier's" politics were as chameleon-like as her affections, and the awkward young Lieutenant of Artillery who was to be the great Napoleon later on was also one of her admirers. She was an extraordinary business-woman, built several theatres in Paris, was rich one day, bankrupt another, and, at the end of her career, died penniless. The part should be a fine one for Madame Réjane.

ROME.

This year I was fortunate enough to be travelling to England from Italy by the same route and at the same date as their Majesties the King and Queen of Italy. What elaborate preparations were made in advance both in Italy and in England and along the whole route taken by our Royal guests! As I sped past in the Italian train, gendarmes were noticeable all the way keenly on the watch, jealously observant of each and every passenger, firm though polite in insisting on opening every single carriage of the train as it stopped at the stations *en route*. In the fields near the tunnels, on the banks of the rivers, at the approaches to the bridges, stood soldiers, rifle in hand, to shoot the Anarchist, the train-destroyer, and the evil-minded criminal. In the trains were Italian "Melvilles," inquisitive, observant, careful, and mindful of every detail. The topic all along the route was the journey of King Victor and Queen Elena. Italians discussed the policy of Signor Tittoni, Germans the food of English hotels, Frenchmen the recent visit to Paris of Italy's King and Queen.

I, for my part, feared for the English climate. The welcome in Windsor and in London would, I knew, be warm as the Italian sun, spontaneous as the welcome of Rome to King Edward, and enthusiastic as only an English welcome can be; but the sky? Ugh! Poor King Victor! Poor, sweet Queen Elena! November in Windsor; November in a London fog! My worst fears were realised: I reached Windsor cold as death. Charming, old-fashioned home of Kings, gay as you are with bunting, glad as are the hearts of your loyal citizens, you have a cold grey sky above, a sweeping, cutting wind right through you. Marvel not if your guests looked cold. I, an Englishman, shivered, shuddered, shrank within my warmest wraps. How much more cold must they have felt, the Italian Sovereigns of sunny, southern Rome!

But rest assured: their Majesties were visibly gladdened by the hearty greeting. "Hurrahs" instead of "Evvivas" they heard at every turn; emotionless faces in place of smiling, swarthy countenances looked up at them from the densely packed highways; but they know the English people, they know our sturdy hearts, and, without reading it in the Press of England, they know that we English people, though somewhat undemonstrative and outwardly calmness personified, greet them, the rulers of Italy, with genuine, hearty greeting, with honest British welcome.

Indeed, King Victor himself is singularly cool and collected in demeanour; he presides at big assemblies with absolute calmness, never moving a muscle. Short in stature, it is true, but iron in will, young for his great responsibility but able and willing to bear it, he is the very King for modern Italy; for Italy the prospering, thriving, rejuvenated unison of a quite recently dismembered, quarrelling conglomeration of States.

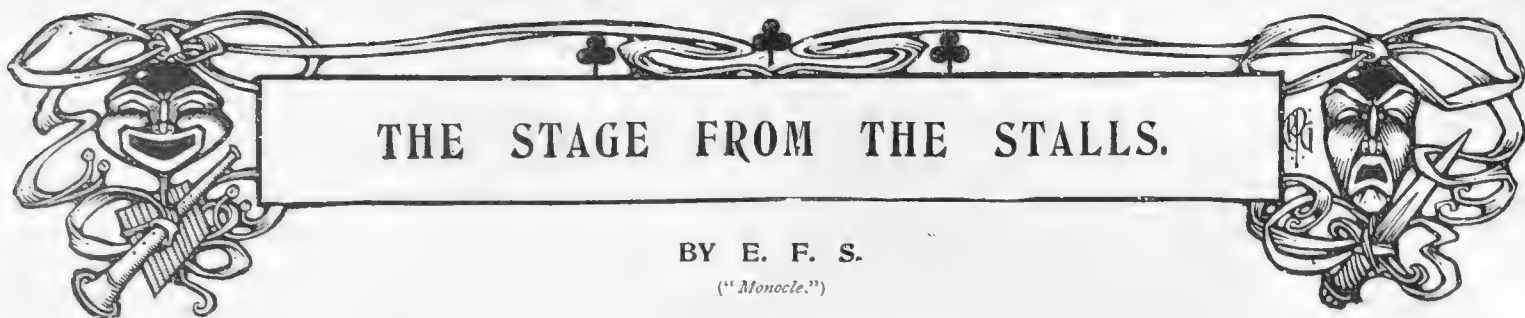


THE LONDON POLICEMAN AS SEEN BY A PARISIAN HUMOROUS ARTIST.



RESIGNATION.

DRAWN BY C. FLEMING WILLIAMS.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

FIRST-NIGHT CRITICISM AND "A MAN AND HIMSELF."

FIRST-NIGHT criticism has been the theme of countless letters, essays, and denunciations, and it seems rather curious that one of the first-night critics should revive the subject. However, when Mr. W. L. Courtney starts a discussion on the topic, it would be ill-mannered to ignore it, since he and Mr. Malcolm Watson are the "first-nighters" of the *Daily Telegraph*, the most important daily from the theatrical point of view. The system under which the critic rushes from a theatre to a newspaper office and immediately dashes off columns of "copy" on sheets hastily grabbed by impatient printers' devils has obvious disadvantages. No doubt, certain permissible devices for mitigating the task are employed: rehearsals sometimes are witnessed, books in manuscript or print are often obtainable; moreover, in the cases of those journals that demand long notices a good deal of preliminary work in the way of writing round the subject can be done. It may be noticed that the skilled observer, like the *coiffeur* able to detect where the "transformation" ends, is generally able to see how much was written before and how much after the play—a matter, however, of no importance. The fact remains that judgments have to be formed and expressed very rapidly, and the gift for forming and expressing them rapidly is rare. There are plenty of journalists as competent "to do" a play at break-neck speed as to describe a prize-fight or report a yacht-race over the wires; but these hardly count, although they are counted. It may be added that the number of those capable of forming and expressing an opinion at leisure is also rare, assuming that one demands an opinion involving real criticism.

Probably the general public hardly understands how wonderful it is that anybody should produce a coherent account of a first-night in fairly grammatical language at a pressure of twelve hundred words or more to the hour, with barely a pause between seeing and writing. Those who have never tried the task have little idea of the horror when wonder arises, during a pause, whether the half that has been grabbed by the "devil" and is being linotyped, monotyped, or other typed, or telegraphed to the country, has been written in the past or the present tense—there is no time to inquire. Still, many can be found to accomplish it, and at varying speeds, from a thousand words an hour upwards. Yet it does not follow that first-night criticism is as futile as might be expected. Some judge swiftly, others slowly. The born first-night critic will only modify his language, not his opinion, if he waits a week; and some of the apparently slow critics, who cannot accomplish the task of break-neck writing, think fast but write slowly, and their judgment is the same at the end of a week as immediately after the play. It is the reader and the writer of the real first-night criticism who suffer from the speed, and not the author or player.

The sad truth is that very many of our plays demand no better criticism than they get, so that it would be a foolish waste of force to make our arrangements in relation to the tiny brilliant majority. Lawyers speak of some cases as cases of first impression; most of our plays are plays of first impression—indeed, I go further: all plays ought to be plays of "first impression." The drama which, when adequately presented to a reasonably intelligent audience, does not create at once a strong impression is not a good drama, or has ceased to be a good drama. Its secondary qualities may be those secondary qualities which have given immortality to "Hamlet," but they are essentially subordinate to the humbler qualities that occupy the first row.

A play may become a good play, just as it may become a bad one. Acting, of course, must at the actual moment of acting be good, bad, or indifferent; and a drama's duty towards the audience to which it is presented is, like that of the players who present it, to make the immediate impression. The first-night critic may be able only to deal with the first impression, but he can deal with it immediately. The secondary qualities may in most cases be outside his sphere, but they can wait. Very few plays have the secondary quality. For instance, "Letty" is the only new English play presented this year to the public which really may be said to have more than first-impression qualities and therefore to demand more than first-impression criticism; and it may be added that opportunities were given to many of reading the book before seeing the work. In saying this, I mean no slight to the other authors. Our public does not demand, or, I fear, appreciate, more than first-impression plays. Doubtless the present

system would be unsatisfactory if there existed a really serious British Drama, which, unfortunately, is not the case.

Mr. Courtney suggests, as a remedy, the introduction of the *répétition générale* custom which is going out of fashion in Paris and was in vogue for a long time at the Savoy. The disadvantages are enormous: managers can hardly be expected to give a better performance at such a *répétition* than at the present first-nights, so one of the grounds of complaint against first-night criticism will not be removed; secondly, the performers would never be at their best before a sham audience consisting of avowed friends and critics; thirdly, to those who think—wrongly, in my opinion—that the critics ought to consider the piece in relation to its effect on the audience, the system would appear injudicious, for the critics would not see the real audience; fourthly, sooner or later trouble would arise, since accounts, in breach of faith, would be given of the *répétition générale*; fifthly, a good many critics would object to losing the excitement of the real first-night, concerning which some of us, at least, are *blasé*.

It cannot be denied that the critic of a morning daily paper does write under circumstances of difficulty. I speak feelingly, since for two years or so I had the heavy task of writing criticisms for a morning daily which went to press at about eleven o'clock and liked pretty long notices of important events. I might, perhaps, have had a decent style but for this trying experience. When you write at such a pace without revision, you are content if the grammar is passable, the split infinitive rare, and a noticeable word is not repeated too often, and this slack view pursues one in after-life. The result of the different methods of working is a rather marked difference in tone between the criticisms in the daily morning and the daily afternoon papers, although the critics of the latter have less extra time than might be supposed, seeing that their "copy" is expected by first post on the morning after the first-night.

To me, on the whole, the system seems to work pretty well, and the circumstances demand no heroic change. It would be better, however, if, in the case of a few—alas! a very few—plays, and a few—and, alas! a very few—of the express-speed critics, there could be an arrangement for a second note. I believe the public would be surprised by the result, for in the cases where the express-speed writer of one paper is also critic of a weekly paper, it will generally be found—perhaps, indeed, always—that the opinions expressed in his two articles are identical: this probably would not be the case if the writer were to pay a visit to the piece in the time between the two notices. The mere "first-impression play" produces a first impression which no amount of thinking would alter, but the piece containing the secondary qualities deserves a second visit, which may modify the first impression and demand another expression of opinion.

"A Man and Himself," by Mr. Murray Carson and Miss Norah Keith, is a quite interesting study of insanity which, with some judicious revision and compression, would make a very powerful play. On the first-night, although its effect certainly was weakened by excessive length, the audience was worked up to a fairly high pitch of excitement in a scene where the madman killed his beloved daughter under the delusion that she was his earlier self reincarnated. There is, however, about the piece an indefinable amateurishness that prevents full accomplishment of the author's scheme. We are well acquainted with the work of Mr. Carson as dramatist: much of it is clever, a good deal successful, and nearly all exhibits freshness of idea; but Miss Keith is a stranger, and one of those at whom one has no desire to "leave 'alf a brick," for there is undoubted talent in the play, and a pleasant avoidance of claptrap or mechanical devices. Mr. Carson's performance as John Norton was a very powerful, able piece of acting, particularly strong in suggesting a specific character. In the last Act his depiction of the swift advance of the perverted homicidal desire was very fine. Mr. Ben Webster gave a manly, very agreeable performance of the *jeune premier* part, and Mr. George Raimeond a capital piece of character-acting. Mrs. Maesmore Morris played the somewhat puzzling part of the Duchess very charmingly. Miss Esmé Beringer had a very hard task as Norton's daughter, and showed remarkable ability in presenting her as a child and then as a woman, and great skill in the very trying last Act.



MISS MARY FRASER (SISTER OF MISS AGNES FRASER),
PLAYING IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

MONACO, ITS PRINCE AND ITS PALACE.

AT this season of the year the Riviera begins to claim our attention, and the Prince of Monaco rises, in company with his Principality, out of the decent obscurity that shrouds him from the beginning of April down to the end of October. Though the Principality has been shorn of Roccabruna and Mentone these

forty years—they were sold by Prince Charles of Monaco to the French Government in the early 'sixties for some hundred and fifty thousand pounds—it is divided into three distinct parts, like the Gaul of Cæsar's tiresome commentaries. There is Monte Carlo, more than a mile from the rock of Monaco; there is La Condamine, that lies low and lives cheaply, connecting the official portion of the little realm with the place of pleasure; and there is Monaco proper.

Few people visit Monaco unless they are taking a long walk that brings them there by mere chance, though it is only unattractive by comparison with the very gay district so close to it. The places to attract a visitor in Monaco itself are but three—the very modern though charming Cathedral, the little Museum in a tower by the Promenade St. Martin (a place too often overlooked), and the fine sixteenth-century Palace, with its striking history, its wonderful frescoes, attributed rather recklessly to Michael Angelo, and its famous marble chimney-piece that many a wealthy American has said he would like to take away with him. The frescoes in the courtyard of the Prince's Palace have been attributed to Caravaggio, and the marble staircase is famous, or notorious, for the murder

the Monaco folk may have their way for once; but the programme of outdoor attractions is so comprehensive that very few of the people of the Principality care to avail themselves of their annual privilege. The fireworks are irresistible. If they were not, one is compelled to believe that the one-day privilege of visiting the Salle de Jeu would be withdrawn.

There was a rumour in Monte Carlo last year that the Prince of Monaco, anxious to set a good example to Europe and flatter the counsels of Russia's Czar, was about to disband his Army. The news came as a shock to all patrons of the Principality, for the Prince's soldiers were wont to lean over the battlements and stroll about the Courtyard all day long, and their uniforms gave a pleasing note of colour to the scene. If I remember rightly, the Army of Monaco boasted no fewer than nine able-bodied men on a peace footing, but, when the reserves of all classes were called out in time of war, eighteen men, all properly equipped and thirsting for renown, would be found ready to face the foe. Perhaps, now that Italy and France have settled their differences amicably, the Prince does not feel called upon to keep a force to throw into the scale on behalf of one or other of the Great Powers. For myself, I hope the story was a canard, and that I shall find the Prince's Army at the full strength of its peace footing when I go South.

Monaco does not see very much of its ruler. He is not over-fond of his great Palace, and Monte Carlo seldom receives his visits. He is fond of his yacht and his deep-sea fishing, he exercises a practised hand with the camera, and is a quiet, reserved man whose general appearance would not lead anybody to take him for the proprietor of Europe's greatest gambling-hell. But he understands business and has driven a very hard bargain with the Cercle des Etrangers for the remainder of their lease, so hard that the managers have been grumbling and cutting down expenses. Thus it happens that many changes have taken place in the conduct of the Casino, that the free concerts have been discontinued—or, to be exact, have been advertised, and postponed at the eleventh hour for the sake of imaginary rehearsals.

The earliest visitors have arrived in the Principality; the gaming-tables are now open from ten in the morning until eleven at night. The Riviéras in general, and Monaco in particular, are looking forward to a record season, for the inhabitants say that the British people are only waiting a reasonable excuse to leave their happy land of unending rain. Hotels are opening one after the other, programmes for the season are being discussed by the local authorities, and gay automobiles are already in evidence. It is to the automobile that the Riviera owed much of its prosperity last year, and in this connection the Prince of Monaco's domains were particularly fortunate. Many people who rented villas at Cannes or Nice, on the French side, or at Bordighera and San Remo, in Italy, thought nothing of the run to Monte Carlo for lunch or dinner, with an hour or two in the Casino afterwards and the ride home in the cool of the afternoon or night. These excursions are beginning again already, and by the beginning of December there will be but little to suggest that the Côte d'Azur has enjoyed a refreshing sleep of several months' duration.

B.



THE PRINCE OF MONACO,
SNAPSHOTTING AND SNAPSHOTTED.

of one of the Dorias in the days when, the sixteenth century being young, murders were quite an everyday occurrence, and, unless the murdered person was of great rank, the incident was not thought worth notice.

The public is admitted to the Palace, and the great "Salle Grimaldi," in which the marble chimney-piece referred to stands, is worth climbing the Monaco Hill to see. There are very few like it in Europe. An inscription on the scroll in the centre of the chimney-piece sets forth a moral lesson that does not seem to have had a very salutary effect upon the attitude of the great house of Grimaldi in past times. The York Chamber of the Palace, of which a picture is given on the opposite page, takes its name from a Duke of York, brother of King George III., who, travelling from Toulon to Genoa by sea, was taken ill and landed at the Palace of Monaco's Princes. He died there, and his bed, with its heavy trappings, was surrounded by a gilt rail and exhibited to all who visited the Palace.

The official season in the domains of the Prince opened a week or so ago—on Nov. 14, to be exact—when Prince Albert's Fête was celebrated. Monte Carlo was illuminated from stem to stern; there was a magnificent display of fireworks, and on the following day there were sports on the Place du Palais, with more fireworks and illuminations at night. The Prince is a clever man, and his subjects are strictly forbidden to enter the Salle de Jeu. It is built to spoil foreigners, not natives, but on his fête-day the strict rule of the rest of the year is relaxed, and



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PRINCE'S DOMAIN.

Photographs by C. Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris.

THE PRINCE OF MONACO'S PALACE.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE.



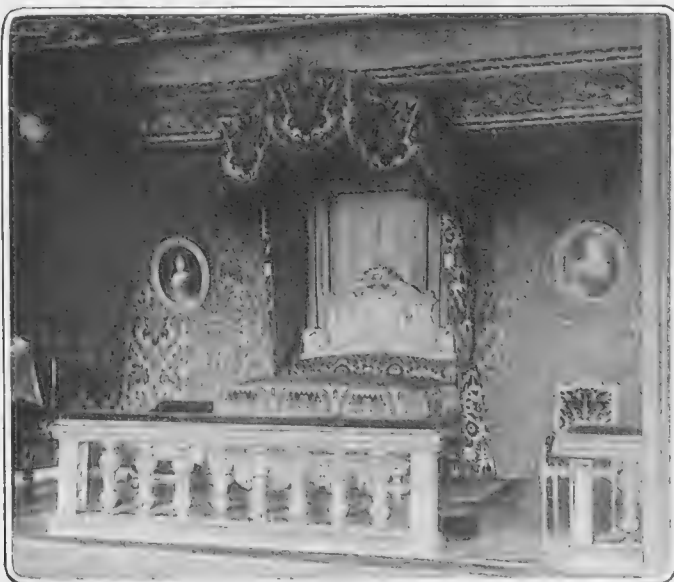
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR.



THE LIBRARY, SHOWING THE PRINCE'S COLLECTIONS.



THE BLUE SALON.



THE YORK CHAMBER, AND THE BED UPON WHICH THE BROTHER
OF GEORGE III. DIED.



THE THRONE-ROOM.

HEREDITY IN HISTRIONIC ART:

SOME DISTINGUISHED ACTORS AND THEIR ACTOR SONS.



1. SIR HENRY AND MR. H. B. IRVING.

2. MR. JOHN AND MR. GILBERT HARE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

HEREDITY IN HISTRIONIC ART:

SOME DISTINGUISHED ACTORS AND THEIR ACTOR SONS.



1. MR. LIONEL AND MR. SYDNEY BROUGH.

2 MR. CHARLES AND MR. H. B. WARNER.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE obituary notices of the late Warden of Merton, the Hon. G. C. Brodrick, are disappointing. They add very little in the way of anecdote to the "Memories and Impressions" which Mr. Brodrick published in his lifetime. It has, however, been justly pointed out that Mr. Brodrick in a manner performed the services which Jowett carried out so splendidly. He gathered for his week-end parties distinguished personages in the wide world of politics and letters, and added a rare personal charm, a fund of conversation, and a courtesy of manner to the graces of the society. A slight oddity in his appearance and gesture individualised him, and even helped a little towards his unique position. His connection with the *Times*, for which he wrote about sixteen hundred leading articles, has been partly described by himself, and nothing has been added to his own account. Though his work was marked by his cultivation, liberalism, and thoughtfulness, it did not put him in the same rank as that very brilliant journalist, his friend Goldwin Smith. Another distinguished contemporary who did excellent work as a journalist was the late C. H. Pearson.

There are some good stories in Sir M. G. Gerard's "Leaves from the Diary of a Soldier," which is published by Mr. Murray. He tells of an English lady reformer of uncertain age who came to deliver a lecture on prison discipline or some other improving subject to an Indian audience. At the end she told her listeners that she would be very happy to answer any questions put to her. On this, a fat Baboo came to the front with, "How old are you?" She replied, "I do not mean questions of that sort, but only ones connected with the subject of the lecture." "Are you forty?" continued the Baboo, nowise abashed. "No, I won't answer such a question," was the reply. "Are you fifty?" continued the Baboo. "Oh," she said, "I tell you I won't answer such questions!" "Are you sixty?" "Oh, no, no; I am not sixty!" the lady responded, precipitately.

A good specimen of Baboo English given by Sir Montagu Gerard announces that "a man named Rajbon Bawa, by caste a Coolie, was prayed on by a tiger at 9 p.m. on the 2nd current. . . . No sooner was the pray caught, he uttered 'Hai Hai,' which effected every mind and soul and all who were round about. All the workmen cried loudly, and some of the friends of the pray, taking burning pieces of wood from the bhutee which was lighted on the spot, ran after the tiger. The tiger, on learning this joint and accidental clamour, left the pray on the ground and absented himself. The man is nearly dead, but as he is young, say, twenty-one years, he is sent to his village, viz., Tuskesur, to solace his aged parents. He endures horrible agonies and will die in a day or so." This, being translated, means that a wood-cutter had been scratched by a panther.

The *Academy* is publishing a very interesting series of essays by John Oliver Hobbes, under the title of "Letters from a Silent Study." They are described as a series of notes more or less critical of life. In one on "Tragedy and Seriousness," Mrs. Craigie remarks that there is little true pathos in contemporary literature. The reader complains that he does not feel in the least degree moved. She thinks the reason for this is found in this fact: "The consequences of evil are no longer regarded as eternal or even irremediable; they may be serious, they cannot be everlasting; they may be hard, they cannot be beyond some alleviation. The new view of existence is not exactly cynical—because cynicism is based on some system, at least, of thought or philosophy—but it is flippant. Nothing is supposed to matter very much—the weak may perish, the strong must 'buck up.' After the tragic play of 'Francesca,' the audience, to a lively air in

rag-time, are played out of the theatre. 'Tragedy is a mistake—things don't happen that way. Are we too late for a hot supper?'"

An American lady who has made a Browning pilgrimage gives an interesting and, so far as I am aware, a new comment on "Pauline." Much has been said of Shelley's influence on the poet. "There is, however, a special significance in the date which is always printed at the close of the poem, 'Richmond, October 22nd, 1832.' In this volume Browning has underlined the word 'Richmond,' and added, 'Kean was acting there; I saw him in "Richard III." that night and conceived the childish scheme already mentioned; there is an allusion to Kean, page 47. I don't know whether I had not made

up my mind to act, as well as to make verses, music, and God knows what—*que de châteaux en Espagne!*" The lines on page 47 referred to are these—

I will be gifted with a wondrous soul,
Yet sunk by error to men's sympathy,
And in the wane of life; yet only so
As to call up their fears; and then shall come
A time requiring youth's best energies:
And straight I fling age, sorrow, sickness off,
And I rise triumphing over my decay.

The house in which Browning lived at Asolo is described as unimpressive in exterior, and still more unimpressive within: "A more modest establishment it would be difficult to conceive. Beside a small bedroom each for himself and his sister, there was a single sitting-room, containing a plain round table, which served as both writing-desk and dining-table. Its furnishings were a few pens in wooden penholders on a blue-patterned plate, and a plain glass inkstand. These were pushed aside when the cover was spread for meals." As is well known, the home in London in which Browning lived longest—19, Warwick Crescent—has been torn down in the interests of municipal reform. The inscription on the manuscript of "Paracelsus" is as follows—

To John Forster, Esq. (my early understander), with true thanks for his generous and seasonable public Confession of Faith in me.
Hatcham, Surrey, 1842. R. B.

A writer in the *Athenæum*, who may be safely identified as Sir Charles Dilke, differs from Mr. Justin McCarthy, who believes that Parliamentary oratory is declining. According to his critic, this is not true otherwise than as concerns the loss of Gladstone and Bright. "Of those named, Disraeli, Palmerston, Cobden, Horsman, Cockburn, Lord John Manners (the present Duke of Rutland) cannot be said to have been superior to Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Lloyd-George, Mr. Churchill, and the Lord Chancellor (as he is now), Mr. Asquith, and many others which might be named." It may be said that, if we except the very great writers, there is no deterioration in the state of English literature as compared with the 'sixties of last century. But the exclusion of the greater writers means much, and very much. O. O.

"Phil May's Winter Annual" has a pathetic interest this year, in view of the recent death of the great master of black-and-white. It contains half a score of powerful short stories, but naturally the thirty exquisite sketches by poor Phil are the great attraction. Most of these are in the artist's well-known style, but the first, "Here's a Health unto His Majesty," will probably be in the nature of a revelation to those who were acquainted only with his gift in portraying the humorous side of life, for it is a fine drawing of a dashing Cavalier who, though he has apparently drunk to that toast and many others more times than was absolutely necessary, still retains a vivid touch of romance in his appearance. As to the rest of the illustrations, it need only be said that they impress one more than ever with the loss the art-world and lovers of humour have sustained.



"DO YOU REQUIRE A 'MUDLLE,' SIR?"

Reproduced by permission from "Phil May's Annual." (Thacker.)

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I READ in the Paris Correspondence of my daily paper that Camille Pissarro, one of the greatest of modern French artists, has joined the majority. The news comes to me with a sense of personal loss, for I knew the master well and have often sat by his side while, from his lofty studio in Paris, he has given some sparkling street-scene a permanent record. An old man, with flowing white beard and bright blue eyes that were full of laughter, he would have been a fascinating companion if he had never painted a successful picture, his range of knowledge was so wide, his criticism so searching and withal so kind, his tolerance so enduring. Success came to him late in life, but could not spoil him in any way. He worked from dawn to dusk, week by week and year by year, and his interest in his last picture was as great as it was in his first.

He was at the head of the Impressionist school of France, sharing the honours with Claude Monet, the last survivor of a band that fought long and suffered much for freedom of thought and expression in the world of art. His sense of colour was extraordinary; his work palpitates with light and life and movement. Sometimes he came to England, and I can remember him at work painting the picture of a cricket-match on the balcony of a house near the ground at Chiswick. The picture is now in America, I believe; but I can recall the cool grass-field so like a lawn, the tall trees surrounding it, the white-flannelled figures that seemed to carry something of their vitality into the picture. "We must not strive to reproduce the work of old masters, or even the mediæval thought and spirit," he said to me once in the course of a conversation; "we belong to our century, and must strive to find and express its beauties." He succeeded so well that, when the fatal illness arising out of a chill seized him three weeks ago, "his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated." *Requiescat.*

"I have been down in Landshire," said one of my travelling companions, after studying the paper's weather-report, which contained nothing more hopeful than a promise of rain. "I've been down into the part I know best, and I assure you that the papers cannot be aware of the state of the country or they would find a topic more interesting than the fiscal problem. There was a short spell of tolerable weather in the beginning of the month, and the floods have subsided in many places, but they have left the land quite unworkable. It has had such a soaking and is so sloppy that farmers can't send their men on to it, and, so far as the potato crops are concerned, in my part of the world the farmers have not gone through the formality of having them pulled up. The cost of the labour would be more than the value of the crop. Farmers are in a terrible plight, and landlords will feel the full effect of it."

I note with more than usual attention that the little King Alfonso XIII. of Spain is about to visit Lisbon, where he will be received with all honours by Dom Carlos. It is a small matter enough to outward seeming, but I happen to know that it is a political event of the first importance. For more years than I have been on this planet, the relations between the two countries have been strained, and since Great Britain and Portugal mended their little differences in Africa and became fast friends the position has gone from bad to worse. I have been assured in Madrid that Portugal only wanted an excuse to absorb Spain, or rather, to make the attempt; while in Lisbon people equally responsible and highly placed have assured me that only the British friendship stands between

Portugal and the ambitions of Madrid. This state of suspicion will be set right by the visit that is about to take place.

Any man who has a keen feeling for comic opera ought to find ample material for one in the little trouble that now agitates Central America. Panama has revolted from its parent State, Colombia; the United States, eager to control the Canal route, have acknowledged the insurgents, and have given them a moral support that may develop into something more substantial at any moment; while the garrulous, eloquent, windy administrators of Bogota are sending telegrams to Europe announcing that they have despatched immense armies to retake the lost province. Nobody believes them. They can't send a great army by land, for they have no transport, and they can't send their ships because the U.S.A. has a far better crowd in the bay. President Marroquin has called upon all the States of South America to unite against the U.S.A., but, down to the time of writing, the anxiety of these States to respond to the invitation is by no means noticeable.



"AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING."

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE.

A MISCELLANY OF HUMOUR.



FARMER: *Hullo, young John! Where be ye goin' with that 'ere lantern?*
 HONEST JOHN: *I be goin' a-courtin', Maister.*
 FARMER: *Goodness gracious! I never used a lantern when I went a-courtin' the Missus.*
 HONEST JOHN: *That's why I be takin' one, Maister.*

BY THE SAD SEA-WAVES.

I met a lone wight wandering dreary
 Upon the bleak and barren shore;
 His downcast een and aspect eerie
 A look of wistful longing wore.

"Strange sir," quoth I, "why art thou roaming
 Here in this sad and sombre wise?
 Bluff is the breeze, and the sea foaming:
 A storm, methinks, eftsoon will rise.

"Is it that folk have dealt unkindly,
 Or that thy friend hath slighted thee?
 Or hast thou speculated blindly,
 And eke must safer means foresee?

"Or, fostering love, so none may know it,
 Dost to the winds thy pain rehearse?
 Or can it be you are a poet,
 And even now are making verse:

"Some music tenderer, sadder, sweeter
 Than any that the wild waves wist,
 Yet with all ocean in the metre?—
 Or is it just because ye list?"

"Gossip," said he, "no lovelorn sorrow
 Or other woes becloud my way;
 Nor am I pondering how to borrow
 Moneys I cannot well repay;

"I like it not, this wintry weather,
 And weave no sonnet from the squall:
 I do but seek a sea-gull's feather
 To cleanse a favourite pipe withal."

C. H. ST. L. RUSSELL.

WHIST.

An Explanation of Certain Signs and Phrases.

"These cards have not been shuffled."—Speaker has a bad hand.
 "Well—er—really, I'm puzzled what to lead, d' you know."—Lead not to be returned by partner.
 "Er—what's trumps?"—Speaker nearly or quite without.
 Complacent silence.—Five or six trumps and a sprinkling of kings and aces.
 "Do you stick to Cavendish?" "No—prefer 'Navy Cut.'"
 Mind not on the game.
 Scowl with convulsive working of the lips.—Partner leading wrong suit.
 "Your turn to revoke, sir."—Speaker of a facetious turn of mind.
 "Sleepy game, Whist."—Speaker a non-scientific player with the luck against him.
 "Er—three!"—Speaker not used to Whist, thinking of Nap.

A NEW POINT OF VIEW.

The servant question seems to be getting worse every day. The old-time maid-of-all-work has disappeared altogether, and in her place is a haughty young lady who will only accept service on certain very rigid conditions.—*Lady's Journal.*

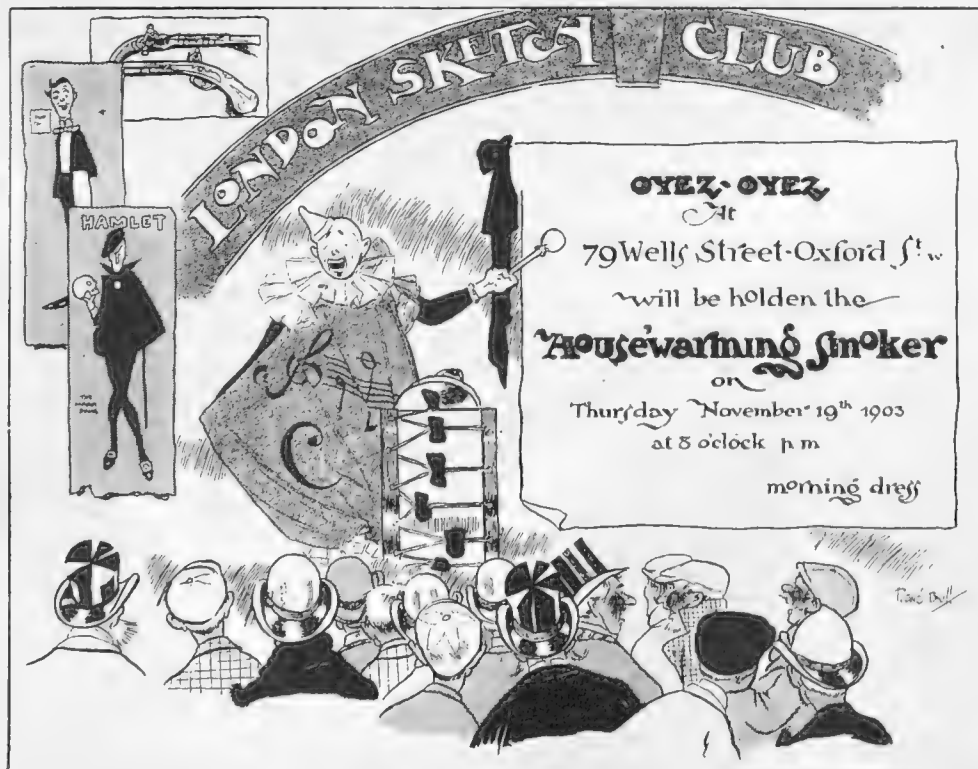
Polly was a house-maid, working day and night,
 Polishing and scrubbing to keep the household bright.
 Every morning early, Polly got to work,
 Never known to grumble, never known to shirk.

Polly had a sweetheart, honest, true, and straight,
 Met her, once a fortnight, at the garden-gate.
 Wages never spending, money quickly grew,
 Polly soon got married—happiness for two!

Polly lives no longer, Laura now instead
 Says she is a lady, will not make a bed—
 That is work for mistress, also lighting fires—
 To bicycles and theatres Laura now aspires.

Will not rise at seven; holidays each day;
 Wages, health, and happiness frittering away.
 Followers, though many, never mean to wed;
 Laura, disappointed, wishes she were dead:

Servants are a nuisance, but what are we to do?
 Follow the old woman's lead and live inside a shoe?
 It might be somewhat stuffy, we should take up every inch,
 But we think it would be Laura's foot the shoe would quickly pinch!
 GORDON MEGGY.



A CLEVER INVITATION-CARD BY RENÉ BULL.

FIVE NEW BOOKS.

"THE ODD-JOB MAN."

By OLIVER ONIONS.
(John Murray. 6s.)

Since the days when Thackeray made journalism and publishing the theme of entertaining fiction, the subject has always had periodical reappearances in the novel, and to-day, when the Press bulks larger than ever in the public eye, the joys and sorrows of hacks, literary and artistic, find increasingly frequent expression in our current fiction. Mr. Oliver Onions has at least done the thing amusingly. Percival Oddy was a young man with £300 a-year, and he got through it gaily, pretending to study art in various European capitals. Being a waster, he came, of course, to want, and at this point the story discovers him. The sister of one of his old friends takes him in hand and he reforms, becoming an "odd-job man" to the less-reputable illustrated journals. Here Mr. Onions begins to shine. It is plain that he knows the technicalities of the craft and also its undercurrents, but we sincerely believe that such deliberate rascality as he portrays is the exception. Yet the picture is very lively. Williams, the enterprising editor, ordering pictorial statistics when "pictorial statistics" are wanted by the public, and novel machinery when novel machinery is the rage, fills us with wonder and amaze. The chief has only the haziest ideas of the things he prescribes, but he is a fine critic of the results of his subordinate's toil. He likes the wheels of machines to mechanical drawings to be *quite* round. "Roarybolus" (to the office-boy), "a pair of compasses for Mr. Oddy." There is fine dramatic "revolution," too, in the ultimate ousting of Mr. Oddy from his bread-and-butter by the said office-boy, who learns to "touch up" photographs of stage beauties so deftly that the odd-job man is no longer necessary. These are but a few of the elements in Mr. Onions's story, which is told well, but with a little too much sound and fury.

"CHRISTIAN THAL."

By M. E. FRANCIS.
(Longmans. 6s.)

To those who enjoyed the quiet humour of "The Manor Farm" this story of a musician will come as a disappointment. The author dedicates her book "To those makers of music who have brought joy into my life," and prefaces each chapter with two or three bars which seem not a little out of place. In the main, her tale is but the old one of the struggle between ambition and love. Christian Thal has been educated and brought up for a musical career by a Fräulein Anna Istó, a passionate, jealous woman who has merged her frustrated ambitions into the hope of his triumphant success. When deserted, as he thinks, by his girl-love, Juliet, Christian marries Anna, more or less out of gratitude. The result, naturally, can be but a life of misery for both, but the author does not disdain the rôle of *deus ex machina*, and conveniently burns to death the "obstruction" in the way of the young lovers. Still, if the story were written with the usual charm we associate with M. E. Francis, we might forgive such an obvious pulling of the wires and the use of a somewhat hackneyed theme, but, as a matter of fact, the book has little to render it noteworthy.

"THE YELLOW VAN."

By RICHARD WHITEING.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

Mr. Richard Whiteing, who did such yeoman service on behalf of poorer London in "No. 5, John Street," now comes forward as the champion of the poverty-stricken yokel. In order to obtain the necessary contrast of thought and position, Mr. Whiteing marries a clear headed, unselfish American girl to a rich Earl steeped in tradition and "managed" by his agents. On the Earl's estate there lives a courageous young fellow named George, married to a sweet young girl named Rose. In an unlucky moment, George applauds the sentiments expressed by a Radical lecturer who comes to the village in a yellow van. For this terrible offence, George is turned out of his cottage and is compelled to leave the neighbourhood and endeavour to earn a living in London. Rose dies in London, and the author brings the book to a close with a triumphantly pointed moral. The reader will understand, from this brief summary, that the story of "The Yellow Van" is very slight and rather uninteresting. Mr. Richard Whiteing, as it seems to us, should have made up his mind, before putting pen to paper, whether he intended to write a philanthropic pamphlet or a novel. The pamphlet element predominates, as it happens, and one is bound to give the author credit for the whole-hearted way in which, once again, he has pleaded the cause of the poor and lowly. But the honest reviewer of fiction may not concern himself with social problems; it is his duty to criticise the book before him as a work of art and a work of art alone. In the present case, therefore, he finds himself compelled to assert that Mr. Whiteing's dialogue is stilted and unnatural; that his characters are wooden; that the story, as a story, is shallow and

unconvincing. For all that, there are many charming bits of writing in "The Yellow Van," and the van itself is picturesquely and humorously described. "The peculiarity of the stove was that it would cook only one thing at a time, and even that but a dish for a table of Lilliput; so, just as the chops were beginning to frizzle, the potatoes were getting cold." We would lay a small wager that Mr. Whiteing has himself, at one time or another, wrestled with that small stove.

"ODD CRAFT."

By W. W. JACOBS.
(Newnes. 6s.)

Of the fourteen stories in this volume, the funniest, in our opinion, is "Blundell's Improvement." The idea of the yarn is worthy of the author's reputation, and it is worked out with great skill and much humour. Mr. Jacobs is generally rather extravagant, and the majority of the other stories aim rather at the farce than the comedy of life. The author, however, sets out with the idea of making his readers laugh, and there is not the least doubt that he achieves his object. In any case, we would rather have Mr. Jacobs farcical than gruesome; his admirers will be gratified to learn that there is nothing in the present volume so unnecessarily horrible as "The Well," or "The Monkey's Paw." Blood, it is true, flows pretty freely, but only in the way of a merry Saturday-night rough-and-tumble. For example: "Ginger Dick gave a howl and rushed at him, and the next moment Isaac's fist shot out and gave 'im a drive that sent 'im spinning across the room until 'e fell in a heap in the fireplace. It was like a kick from a 'orse, and Peter looked very serious as 'e picked 'im up and dusted 'im down." Even the most squeamish old maid might be excused for chuckling over this merry incident. Again: "At the tenth round Bill couldn't see out of 'is eyes, and kept wasting his strength on the empty air, and once on the referee. Ginger watched 'is opportunity, and at last, with a terrific smash on the point o' Bill's jaw, knocked 'im down and then looked round for the landlord's knee." The old maid, perhaps, will be a little shocked at that vivid description, but when she reads on and discovers that Bill was merely having fun with Ginger, and letting Ginger knock him about for certain reasons of his own, she will chirp up again and laugh aloud in her glee. Nor—having, by this time, become accustomed to blood—will she be frightened when she reads that "Charlie gave a growl and rushed at 'im, and the next moment 'e was down on the floor with the 'ardest bang in the face that he'd ever 'ad in his life." Mr. Jacobs ought to compile a volume of fighting stories under the general title of "Genial Scraps."

"THE LYCEUM AND HENRY IRVING."

By AUSTIN BRERETON.
(Lawrence and Bullen. 21s.)

It was Mr. Austin Brereton's original intention "to write a book about half the size of the present volume, dealing chiefly with the period of Henry Irving's long connection with the theatre." Fortunately for the student of the drama, he decided to attempt an exhaustive history of the Lyceum in the various phases of its existence, from the opening of the first building in 1772 as "the New Exhibition Room of the Royal Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain," and its rebuilding in 1816, down to the closing of the present theatre. The second Lyceum, with its entrance in the Strand, was burnt down in 1830, and the theatre as we know it was opened in 1834. It is impossible to enumerate the various uses to which the Lyceum was put in its earlier days. Suffice it to say that it was occasionally devoted to wild-beast shows, boxing contests, waxworks, and other curious exhibitions; and that both the first and second Lyceums were handicapped by onerous restrictions owing to the existence of the Patent Theatres; indeed, it was not till 1844 that the licensing laws were altered in favour of the minor theatres. Mr. Brereton tells us of Charles Mathews' "attempt to face the town single-handed," of Mrs. Glover's appearance as the first female Hamlet, of Edmund Kean and Charles Kemble, the Keeley régime and that of Charles Mathews the Younger and Madame Vestris, the début of Madame Ristori, the management of Charles Dillon and appearance of Marie Wilton (Mrs. Bancroft) and J. L. Toole, and many other interesting matters. The second half of the book is concerned with the brilliant reign of Sir Henry Irving, the details of which are more or less familiar to the present generation of playgoers. The volume is enriched by a large number of illustrations, including coloured reproductions of the painting by Edwin Long of Henry Irving as Hamlet, and Sargent's portrait of Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth. The facsimiles of old posters, too, are peculiarly interesting. Altogether, "The Lyceum and Henry Irving" is a work of such great merit that it seems a pity the edition is a limited one.



HOW THE POOR LIVE.

LADY: What in the world is it trying to say?

KEEPER: I don't know, Mum, but it's sure to be a kind o' compliment.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



DURING THE HONEY-MOON.

SHE: Oh, George, dear! Doesn't she look just *too* sweet for anything!

DRAWN BY PENRHYN STANLAWS.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A CHANGE OF SIDES.

By W. H. RAINSFORD.



mouth gaped when John Jesse Leyton entered the room to her. "They ought to have told me!" she said to herself. "They ought to have told me!"

The famous North Dewshire by-election had begun, and Edith was in it. She had come to stay at Elby Rectory, and Elby, a large, straggling village with a dozen hamlets round it, is an important part of the North Dews Division. With the rural labour vote uncertain, the Government seemed particularly concerned over North Dewshire—in fact, the eyes of political England were fixed on North Dewshire and on Elby. Edith Vesey, with a borrowed motor-car and some smart frocks and much confidence, felt that she *was* in it.

At the Rectory, where the girls were Blues to a girl, Edith had heard much of one John Jesse Leyton, a fighting champion of the Yellows in Elby.

"A dreadful man!" Netta had said. "He never comes to church, and he's always writing to the papers and opposing people. . . . Yes, he's clever, I suppose, and educated, and people say he's somebody, but he *can't* be a *gentleman*! Papa lost the last School Board election all through him. Didn't you, Dad?"

"An extreme character," said the Rector. "Very extreme in his views, dangerous, and—er—subversive."

"He's our greatest enemy in Elby, isn't he, Dad?"

"Politically, my dear; politically, no doubt."

"The working-men worship him," Netta had said, further. "He wears rough clothes, and he professes all sorts of strange opinions about what he calls the dignity of labour, and he is always ready to take their side against one. He's *dreadful* in his dress; he can't have ever been married."

"What is he?" Edith had asked.

"He lives in a four-roomed cottage down Kell's End, as they call it. And, do you know, I saw him the other day carrying home a beef-steak wrapped in paper—for his dinner, I suppose—and he stopped to pick up a baby that had tumbled. It was such a fat, dirty baby, and when he saw me and took off his cap, the baby made a grab at the meat and tore the paper. He'll carry the working-men, won't he, Dad?"

"As good as a hundred votes to the other side," said the Rector, with conviction.

So, as Miss Vesey knew her own persuasive powers and meant canvassing with effect, she declared her intention of calling upon this doughty Philistine on behalf of the Blues.

"You will have to go alone," said Gladys.

"Surely you don't think you can persuade him?" said Mabel.

"You see," Edith had modestly explained, "it's no glory to—well—to call the righteous, but—"

"It will be waste of time," interposed the Rector, firmly.

"Oh, I say, what fun!" ejaculated Netta. "Suppose Edith—I'm sure she's handsome enough—were to tempt him, like the beautiful Duchess of—who was it?—with a kiss?"

"What age is he?" Edith had asked.

"Oh, about sixty," had answered Netta, herself about sixteen.

But the man who came into the front-room of the cottage, bringing with him a faint odour of tobacco, had scarcely seen forty years or Miss Vesey's judgment erred. He made the small room seem smaller, for he was tall and broad, a man of presence, with a luxuriant and untrimmed brown beard, flowing brown moustaches, and steady brown eyes. In answering his unwavering glance Miss Vesey's colour rose slightly. (Somehow, she felt that their eyes had met and held just so wherever they had met.) She was pale usually, with the pallor of many dark-haired, dark-eyed, fine-featured women.

"... For Lord Batty, you know," she went on explaining. "He

will call himself, no doubt, for I know he is anxious to meet all those of influence among his future constituents, and he has heard of you, Mr. Leyton. But in the meantime . . ."

"Won't you sit down?" said he, gravely. Then he sat down himself, and stroked his beard.

"Forty, certainly," said Miss Vesey, privately. "Most of the best people are with us," she pursued, aloud. His introspective air and the lavish disorder of books in the room convinced her that she spoke to a man at least of culture. "I feel sure," she went on, "that a gentleman of your—well—that you would be more at home—"

His face broke into a smile, his teeth glistening, his eyes shining.

"Thirty-five," decided Miss Vesey, privately, "with that beard off and that lovely moustache just . . ." Then, at his twinkling appeal for sincerity, she smiled and then he laughed. And she laughed, too.

"Well, the long and the short of it is," she said, merrily, "we want you to come over to our side, Mr. Leyton. Why not? Isn't Lord Batty as good as your Mr. Bladewait? I'm sure he is. And you'll find us ever so much nicer than some of your friends."

"You know my friends, then, Miss Vesey?" he asked, still smiling.

"I mean politically," she said, silkily. "Of course, I hope to know them, and to make them mine, so that we shall all be happy together—"

"Politically?" he interpolated, smoothly.

"And generally," she answered. "And I feel sure, if you will only promise me—to—to give the matter fair consideration—just to wait a little before making up your mind?"

"Until Lord Batty is in?" he asked, slyly.

"Until you have heard him state his views," she returned, serenely.

"Personally, between ourselves, I consider Lord Batty a little too advanced, too democratic, you know."

"Have you done much electioneering?"

"No—well, not at Elby. Why?"

"I was only wondering how many votes you would be likely to win over. I think I shall have to circulate a special caution against you, Miss Vesey."

"Oh, no, no! Really, Mr. Leyton! Give me a chance! You see, I come to you first."

"By way of practice?"

"A poor champion to meet such a Lancelot." Then she blushed slightly, and talked the faster to hide it. In the end—that is, after a very short half-hour's coaxing and badinage as between friends playing at enemies—Miss Vesey wonderfully succeeded in gaining a certain pledge from J. J. Leyton. And Miss Vesey left the cottage with her graceful head in the air, and her fine eyes sparkling, and a distinct colour in her face.

Elby village hummed with the election. Yellow and blue placards flared in shop-windows, on posting-places, on the houses of enthusiasts. Two small dwellings in the long main-street—the rival Committee-rooms—were papered yellow and blue respectively from eave to pebbled foot-path. Daily and nightly wrangles heated street-corners and shop-doorways and bar-parlours. Business got shunted, yet scores were busy; publicans hurried, and printers. To Mr. Bladewait—grizzled and portly—North Dewshire and Elby was avowedly the very hub of the universe; to Lord Batty—groomed and stalwart and smiling, with ideas over no man's head—the interests and concerns of every voter were dearer than the apple of his eye. Rising political "stars" came swooping down on Elby, and meeting succeeded meeting. Local champions helped to fill the bill and the platform. Only J. J. Leyton held unaccountably aloof, while the Rectory girls wondered exultingly and Miss Vesey was a radiant whirlwind.

She skimmed hither and thither on her motor—she drove like a born engineer. She adorned platforms, she inspired young orators, she spurred lazy Committees, she coaxed bovine voters, she dazzled susceptible opponents, she wrote and drove and motored and dressed and beguiled and brimmed with inspiring faith of victory. With the whirl and fever of it she grew handsomer. A constant colour warmed her perfect cheek. A new, unfading light shone in her dark eyes. The red of her lips deepened. Some of her friends warned her against over-excitement. She and J. J. Leyton met every day and talked gaily.

He neither spoke nor canvassed, but he did not sulk. He walked abroad as usual, and the Elbyites of both sides speculated. Former

fellow-workers in the district looked on him askance and said sharp things of him behind his back. Visiting chiefs and orators went to see him, but said nothing publicly. The working-men who had formerly hung on his lead regarded him darkly between puzzle and suspicion. The classes, observing, rubbed their hands; whatever the result this demagogue's influence would suffer much.

When he and Miss Vesey met in the street, women observed them. The Rectory girls brought home certain rustic explanation of "J. J.'s" attitude, and it implied glory to the sex. When they recounted to Miss Vesey and professed belief, and declared it was a shame, and pitied the poor man ostentatiously, that young lady only smiled with a provoking and triumphant air of mystery. Of course, it was nothing—nothing, they agreed privately—all is fair in political war; yet, when one morning Miss Vesey in her motor-car with Netta as her only companion caught up J. J. Leyton on the fringe of the village and stopped decisively, Netta suddenly remembered some pressing call at the nearest cottage and got out forthwith. Somehow, the rectory girls almost believed that the election turned on J. J. Leyton and his influence in Elby.

He was dressed more smartly than usual. He wore a bowler-hat and a black morning-coat, and he was swinging along buoyantly.

"Coming for a mote, Mr. Leyton?" asked Edith, breezily. "All right, Netta."

"I am going to the station," he explained, lifting his hat. He had had his hair cut. "I have to go over to Downton this morning." (Downton was the county town, a dozen miles away.)

"I will take you," she said, suddenly. "I want to go there to-day, and it's a roundabout way by train. Come along."

"You trust yourself alone, I see?" he said; as, after persuasion, he sat beside her.

"I hate having a man with me—a driver, I mean. Of course, he overhauls, and sets the mixture, and so on. I hope you feel safe?"

The car moved. They passed two or three of Mr. Bladewait's village workers, dressed and wending stationward. These stared curiously.

"The enemy seem surprised," said Miss Vesey, laughing.

"You see I have kept my word to you—so far?"

"You will not change now? I mean, you will not change back? For almost I look upon you as one of us—quite. This is not a move in the game—this journey?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell you my business this morning," Miss Vesey.

"You needn't have said it quite like that," she said, plaintively.

"When I come back, perhaps." His lips were compressed, his eyes sparkling. She felt the telepathy of suppressed excitement.

"Is it really a sort of election secret, then?" she asked.

He nodded. "And partly personal," he said.

"I mustn't ask you, then?"

"I shall hope to tell you," said he, looking full at her.

Her colour had already risen, but the blood ran quicker in her veins. "You see me drive," she said. "I shall take you round the furthest way, Mr. Leyton. Turn your collar up and put this rug round you. It's warm, and the wind backs us, but there'll be a rush."

The car performed feats that morning. It leapt hills and flew valleys, it shaved turf-edging to the inch, it brushed stone-heaps; it took corners rejoicing. White road streamed up to meet it illimitably; the broad countryside—a chequered panorama of green fields, dark woods, dotted dwellings—swept hither from the horizon, rearward, rearward. It was a horse of fire, skirling its war-cry; a screaming eagle, a snorting dragon—it spurned earth, it devoured space, it annihilated time. Then, obedient to hand, it slowed and went mincingly, with short coughs of advertised impatience.

"He is in form this morning," said Miss Vesey. "Yes, I usually make motors masculine; they are so uncertain, and it is such fun managing them. Isn't that a policeman ahead? Bother! This lovely straight bit!"

"Law and order," quoted he, mischievously.

"Policemen used to seem so civil, so useful," said she. "Here we are at Downton. Where to, Mr. Leyton? As the coachmen say, 'where to, please?' . . . Mr. Bladewait's Committee—! Mr. Bladewait's! Oh, Mr. Leyton! you know you are *not* to!"

"I was not to support Mr. Bladewait without first warning you. In two or three hours my promise will lapse."

"You will withdraw it?"

"It will become unnecessary."

"Something has happened?" she queried, looking at him. "Is it really a secret? I am dying to know."

"When I come back," said he, alighting and saluting gaily.

"I shall call at our agent's," Edith resolved.

She did, and there she met a rumour just arrived and startling. It was bruited that Mr. Bladewait, the Opposition candidate, had resigned. Anyhow, a meeting of the Yellow Committee had been hastily summoned that morning, and that meeting was private.



She skimmed hither and thither on her motor . . . she coaxed bovine voters.

"A CHANGE OF SIDES."

[DRAWN BY J. R. SKELTON.]

Resignation, with only a week to the poll! Miss Vesey's friends exulted. She herself fluttered inwardly. Her thoughts ran even more unconquerably on J. J. Leyton, and about him in her heart hung cold doubt and hot curiosity. The under-feeling that prompted these she stubbornly refused to acknowledge to her own soul, but her cheek burned.

It was her duty to find out all she could, she assured herself, and she consulted the time-table. Mr. Leyton could not return before three-thirty. As Edith Vesey had friends everywhere, she was at little loss for company during the two or three hours intervening. But they were very long hours—hours filled with whirl and jostle of emotion, with a causeless expectation, with starts and flushings, with absences of mind, and sighs, and sudden feverish bursts of gaiety. Little wonder that a trifling accident happened to the car. She also contrived to be in Downton High Street about three o'clock, and there she saw J. J. Leyton drawing near the station in company with two or three other men, chiefs in organisation, all in close converse. She plumed herself; at the Junction she would have her opportunity.

At Downton Station these men gave Leyton something of a salute as the train steamed out, leaving them standing. At the intermediate station he came to her on the platform.

"I saw you at Downton," she said, brightly. . . . "Yes, I've had to leave the car; I *have* had a morning. Went to lunch with some friends and took them for a run, and, coming back, he jibbed—the spark missed, or something—just in the town, luckily. . . . Oh, the man will come over, but I wanted to get back now, Mr. Leyton."

"It's quite true," he told her, as they walked the platform together. "Mr. Bladewait's candidature has become impossible. You will see the formal announcement in the papers to-morrow." His eyes sparkled.

"You seem glad, Mr. Leyton?"

"A whited sepulchre," he said; and when, later, the Bladewait scandal muddled the daily Press for weeks Miss Vesey remembered the phrase. At the time her pent thought burst—

"You knew about this man Bladewait? That was why you promised me?"

"That was why," he said, simply.

"Oh!" she gasped, looking away. Here, ignobly, was the end of her plumed blandishments. "But," she said, with show of triumph, "this will make Lord Batty a certainty."

"Let us hope not."

"Is there another—another—?"

"Richmond in the field? Yes."

"And who is he?"

He laughed low and meaningly and his eyes sought hers.

"Not *you*?" she cried, stopping.

"Even so," said he. "For want of a better, and if the whole Executive confirms."

"Oh!" she gasped again, hurrying forward. This, then, was the meaning of that excitation she knew he felt beside her in the car—this, and not her presence! Hitherto, despite his hints, she had not feared; and now the full truth, ample beyond guess, overwhelmed her and made her feel as if her heart was squeezed coldly. She glanced at him swiftly; his gaze was fixed ahead as if he saw beyond the horizon.

"You can't beat Lord Batty, you know," she said, with a faint edge to her tone.

"There was no one else, you see," he explained, referring to himself. "I have made some reputation as a speaker—I was out with a van for a year or two—and I have written. It is a forlorn hope, of course; news will spread and our side will suffer the taint. Still—"

He broke off and brooded, the light of battle yet in his eyes. In a sudden rush of vision she saw him member, rising orator—heaven knew the limit of her dream; and she gloried. Then as suddenly he became almost hateful to her.

"I *shall* look a fool!" she burst out. "I *know* I shall! It must be known—people will see why you—oh, you can't guess what women are! Ah, but what must they have thought of you? They said hard things of you; and I never—!" She stopped, in a swift grip of self-accusation, and he stood glorified in her thoughts. "All your friends, all those who so looked up to your leadership, they must have regarded you as a—oh, I can't say it! I never *thought*—I never *saw* until I was touched myself! . . . Wasn't hard to bear! It must have been *cruel*, Mr. Leyton! I know what people are in a fight. You couldn't explain because of your Party, and you couldn't lead because— And yet you showed a smiling face!"

"It wasn't your fault in any way," he assured her, earnestly. "It would have been just the same if you hadn't."

"That doesn't make any difference; I thought it was. Oh! what am I saying?" (Surely the stress of her exertions had told on her.) "What a vain, selfish, foolish creature you must think me, Mr. Leyton!"

"No, no, no!" he said. He took her arm (what would Elby have thought then?), took it naturally and firmly. "Do you know, I have been whipping myself lest it should appear to you that you just came in time to form a sort of understood excuse for my position."

"You could have gone away," she said, quickly, looking up at him. "You could have gone away—health, private reasons, business, heaps of things! Why not?" She shot her quiver home with intent eyes.

"I *could*," he said, slowly, answering her also with a long look until her gaze fell and all her face suffused warmly. "I *could*," he repeated, softly, with a faint pressure of the arm he held so possessively.

"We oughtn't to be like this," she said, feebly, with a quivering little laugh. Her head hung, and she did not offer to withdraw her arm. "I mean, together like this—*now*. If anyone should see us, anyone of our friends who are such enemies! Are we to appear a pair of traitors?"

"Of course, it will be uphill work for a time," he went on, keeping to essentials. For a practised speaker his utterance was curiously halting. "I do not know whether I ought—well, I shall make some sort of way, in any case; for my book on the Rural Question is accepted, and they tell me it is sure of success. I can work harder; I have taken things very leisurely—that is, I have made no money; but I think I *could*—sufficient in a modest way, I mean. I could not accept—I mean, I have rather old-fashioned notions on the question of money entering into relations, which ought to be removed—I have a horror of the very seeming of the thing."

"My friend, Nelly Cræsus, as I call her—she married a millionaire and she lent me the car, you know—says money becomes hateful. I haven't a cent—one London Season just ruined me; but she says that she wishes she had nothing—just health and strength and—and—well, happiness," with a slight tremor in the voice. "When is the train coming?" Her petulance was the poorest make-believe.

"I couldn't have fought the election through," he explained. "I couldn't have afforded it, of course. But coming like this, with a week to go, makes all the difference; and there's the Party fund, if I care to avail myself. But I don't think I ought; you see, it will be such an advertisement, and that's everything when you have a book coming out. It's curious how fortune holds off for years, and then, when you're least expecting it, and when it *does* come—" He paused, looking round at her, who looked downward. "And it's more curious how your views—your whole outlook alters when you—when there comes into a man's life—"

"How can I oppose you, Mr. Leyton?" she broke in. "I think I shall go away—no, that won't do; but how shall I explain?" While she rattled thus she would not meet his eyes. "Oh, I can profess I knew all about that wretched Mr. Bl—! No; heavens! that won't do either. What *am* I to do? There, I'm thinking of my foolish self again! Is this our train? Are we to go back in the same carriage, Mr. Leyton? And from the station?"

"Certainly," said he, smiling.

"Nothing matters now; things can't be stranger—not even if you were to beat Lord Batty. And I hope you *will*—there! It's the least I can say after what I've done! I feel desperate! I hope you will *win*. No, don't say *anything*!"

Miss Vesey bustled into a nearly empty carriage—a third-class one. They sat opposite each other, next the door, but they did not talk; indeed, she stared out of the window for the most part, and her bosom rose and fell as though she breathed hard for a time. Her eyes shone dewily, her lips were apart, and a sort of humble droop in their curves gave sweetness to her mouth. Once or twice she turned her face to him and smiled slightly, and the smile lingered after she had looked away again. "The next station is Elby," she said, presently, with almost a gasp; "the next is Elby."

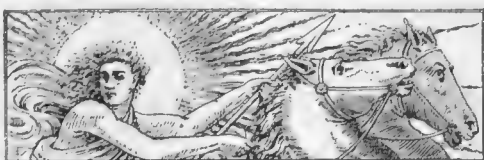
She fidgeted with the window-strap, and he took it, and his fingers closed on hers and held them. He leaned forward as the train slowed, and their heads were pretty close together. "If I win," he whispered, "I shall have something to ask you—you first came to me with a request, you remember. Next time I shall ask *you*."

"Let me put my glove on," she pleaded, softly. "Let me. What *will* people say? And what a way of *explaining*! A place like Elby; things *can't* be more wonderful! What's this?"

The platform was filled with people; they wore yellow favours, for to Elby news had sped. Mr. Bladewait was gone: vaguely it was known that he had gone in a dizzying fall—in a black, mysterious disgrace—and John Jesse Leyton shone in his stead. Local patriotism spread like flame. Forgotten were doubts, forsworn was contumely; the old trust and following sprang tenfold; the village knew but one name, and it was uttered in memories of a hundred doughty onslaughts for the inarticulate poor, of simple courtesies and chivalries towards them; uttered in the proud assurance that the world had followed Elby's lead, had accepted Elby's chosen—glory was to Elby and all in it! Elby hummed and seethed; the brightest of bright ideas was pushed to execution feverishly.

As Leyton descended, a cheer broke; as he took Miss Vesey's hand, it hushed. Outside the station it rose and swelled. "Oh!" said Edith; "I see." She put her arm in his. He turned from her—with her; he bowed with an air of possession and following, and the welcome burst anew. He and she walked along a fusillade of hand-clapping. Outside, the welcome ran hoarse in a thunderous cheer.

There a mob filled the space. A four-wheel carriage stood ready, with eager humans struggling at the shafts. A brass band in front of it struck up, and that afternoon that carriage made a roaring progress through Elby with J. J. Leyton riding in it. And Edith Vesey sat beside him.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MR. TREE requests me to state that he will end the run of "Richard the Second" at His Majesty's on the afternoon of the day preceding Christmas Eve, and that the theatre will then close for rehearsals of "The Darling of the Gods." This American-made Japanese tragedy he hopes to produce on the evening of Dec. 28, so as to get it well in trim for the New Year.

It seems likely that Mr. Tree's next new play after the above-mentioned Japanese drama will be one of an extremely English kind, namely, the adaptation by Mr. J. Comyns Carr of Dickens's most melodramatic story. Of course, I allude to "Oliver Twist." In this latest of the dozens of dramatisations of Dickens's story, the actor-manager proposes to impersonate the character of the "fence," Fagin. At one time it was thought that Mr. Tree would secure for the character of the Artful Dodger that quaint Cockney comedian, Mr. James Welch; but, as that actor has just embarked for America, he is, of course, out of the question.

It is more than likely that "Saturday to Monday" will be the play to follow "Old Heidelberg," as Mr. Alexander's latest-produced piece is also of German extraction. I refer to "Love's Carnival," an adaptation by Rudolf Bleichmann of Otto Erich Hartleben's drama, "Rosenmontag." Mr. Alexander tested this play a few nights ago in Edinburgh, when he (as a dashing young German Lieutenant) was loyally supported by Mr. Lyall Swete and by Miss Lilian Braithwaite, who, succeeding Miss Eva Moore, played so charmingly in "Old Heidelberg."

Mr. Edward Terry's many friends will be glad to learn that he



MR. KYRLE BELLEW AS "RAFFLES, THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN."

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

and his excellent Company are doing splendid business in the provinces. Mr. Terry has recently made a new departure, for in "The House of Burnside," recently produced by him with great success, he takes a part which is quite out of his usual track and becomes for the nonce a tragedian, and a very good one to boot.

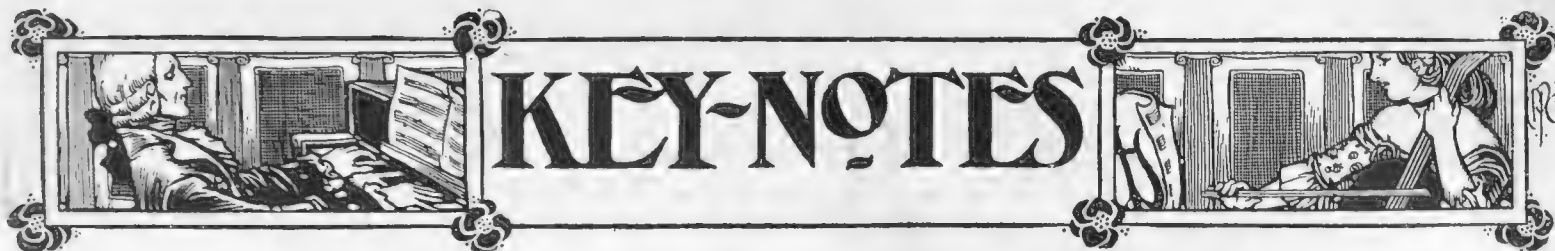
The Alhambra has put the "Carmen" ballet into a new dress and entrusted the title-rôle to a Spanish dancer, Donna Maria la Bella, who makes her first bow to a British audience. She has a hard task to follow the stately, fascinating Guerrero, but, in so far as she gives a different reading to the character, she does not challenge comparison. Her Carmen is a woman who becomes conscious of the impending tragedy some time before its consummation, unlike Guerrero's, who was bold and defiant to the last and gave little or no heed to the growing anger and rage of the unfortunate Don José. Natural nervousness allowed for, Donna la Bella made a most creditable début, and pleased the house very much with her dancing, which is really excellent. She should lead the "Carmen" ballet successfully through a long second edition. Mr. J. M. Glover's ballet, which is to replace "The Devil's Forge," is in rehearsal and may be expected on this side of Christmas.

Admirers of Mr. Kyrle Bellew will be interested to learn that he has made a great success in New York in his new rôle of "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman." It is years since Mr. Bellew appeared in modern costume and without a wig, and his snow-white hair above his still fresh and youthful face is a surprise to his audiences.



MR. EDWARD TERRY AS A TRAGEDIAN: TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE POPULAR ACTOR IN HIS NEW PLAY, "THE HOUSE OF BURNSIDE," RECENTLY PRODUCED IN THE PROVINCES.

Taken by Guy and Co., Cork.



A BRAHMS Concert is in these days something of a portent. Surely Brahms is one of the most teasing composers who ever came before the general public. He was magnificently technical, and yet he was lacking in beauty; he knew, almost as well as Mozart, how to combine suffering with joyousness; but his joy was not of the lighter kind: he was too much occupied with the pain of the earth for common human enjoyment. He always looked back to supposed days of gladness, and he always fulfilled those ideal moments in phrases of quite unutterable sadness. That is why he scarcely appeals to the men who look to life for a brief day of mere enjoyment. Brahms, it would seem, was among the thoughtful, and therefore serious, men of his time. Who shall deal with such an one? He himself summed up the whole situation by writing a "Requiem."

Nevertheless, the Brahms Concert at the Queen's Hall was in every respect a most careful performance. One had looked forward to Mr. Willy Hess appearing as the solo violinist; but, in his absence, M. Busoni took the pianoforte in Brahms's First Concerto for that instrument and orchestra (No. 1, D Minor). Certainly Busoni played wonderfully well, and, in some curious and underhand way, he persuaded one of the extreme dulness which belongs to this particular composition. We do not mean for a moment that M. Busoni intended to show the limitations of Brahms, but the fact is that good playing at all times cannot fail to show how very far short Brahms fell from the greatest ideal of musical inspiration.

It is a very odd thing that Brahms, in the earlier period of his musical composition, was far more liberal, far more open-handed in his dealings with art, than he was during a later time of his career. At this period Brahms was not attempting to pursue the tortuous windings of an impossible maze. He regarded music frankly and with a recollection of the great men who had gone before him; in his later period he forgot all that and attempted to complete by rhetoric that which the gods had meant for poetry. Yet it is quite possible to understand the attitude of such men as worship him as though he were indeed the greatest master of technique since the days of Beethoven. They do not care for the actual pleasure of music; they only care for the ingenuity by which it is worked out to an appointed issue and by which it is made into a kind of scientific solution of a definite mathematical problem.

Mr. Henry Wood is gradually but certainly educating the English public to a level of really fine musical appreciation. Last week one of his concerts consisted of nothing more than a Mozart Symphony, a Brahms Concerto, and a Beethoven Overture: yet these selections proved sufficient to draw a very large audience indeed, a point which shows how definitely and how triumphantly Mr. Henry Wood has succeeded in educating his English audiences up to a very elevated point of art. So much being said, we may cheerfully differ from Mr. Wood in his reading of Mozart's E-flat Symphony. A work like this, based obviously upon the fact that only a few instruments should lie in combination for the ultimate interpretation of its musical meaning, does not by any means require such a huge association of instruments as that which deservedly has attained so high a reputation under the bâton of Mr. Henry J. Wood. The Symphony, then, was over-weighted by the band, and we are fain to say that Mr. Wood has

so trained his orchestra into the rather robust avenues of art that it is a little difficult for him to persuade his forces to make for extreme delicacy of tone.

Professor Johann Kruse, at his last Popular Concert given at St. James's Hall, gave himself and his companions entirely over to a period of our musical European history which is fast becoming a mere tradition among modern musicians. Mr. Kruse played, for example, Tartini's Sonata in D Major with extreme fineness of sentiment; he seemed thoroughly to understand the meaning of the period with which he was actually dealing, and Professor Louis Diemer, in his accompaniment on the harpsichord, could not have been bettered. M. Diemer is, indeed, a very fine artist, and in his harpsichord solo he proved himself to be a quick and vital master of his instrument. In "Le Ramage des Oiseaux" he was altogether wonderful; the neatness of his touch and the volatile sentiment of his mere handiwork struck us as being particularly fine.

Miss Dorothy Bridson, assisted by Herr Egon Petri and Mr. Robert Maitland, gave a Violin Recital two or three days ago at the St. James's Hall. She is a clever player and knows the meaning of sentiment as apart from sentimentality. She played the opening movement of Vieuxtemps' Concerto in E Major. Vieuxtemps, of course, composed entirely for the violin, having no sentiment whatever for any sort of music which lay outside of the instrument of his choice. Miss Bridson, though not altogether sympathetic in Vieuxtemps' work, was quite excellent in Bach's Sonata in A Major. Bach is a composer who finds out all the difficulties of the instrument for which he composes, and therewith he discovers

all the weaknesses of those who play his works. Miss Bridson just falls short of Bach's ideal, although in connection with a lesser musician like Vieuxtemps she seems quite distinguished. Now and then the beauty of her tone was quite surprising, and she led one to think that it is more than likely that, with incessant practice, she will in time reach a point of accomplishment which will win for her the suffrages of the artistic world. At the present moment she has not quite reached the goal towards which she is busily working.

At the Bechstein Hall on Thursday evening Madame Kate Benda gave a vocal recital at which she was assisted by M. Johannes Wolff. The lady has a pleasant voice, and assuredly convinces one that she has a highly strung artistic temperament. Her singing of "Deh, vieni, non, tardar" was quite interesting, although one cannot say that she is filled by any great dramatic spirit. Nevertheless, her voice is pure.

COMMON CHORD.

Christmas is fast approaching, and soon the wail of the "Waits" will be heard in the land. The song of "The Mistletoe Bough" has from time immemorial been an inseparable if somewhat weird feature of the festive season: it thrills the imagination of the children, arouses grateful memories tinged with melancholy in the minds of older folk, and inspires the "Waits" to their most strenuous and lugubrious efforts. A correspondent has favoured *The Sketch* with a photograph of the ruins of the old baronial hall at Minster Lovel where the soul-stirring tragedy is reputed to have been enacted.



THE SCENE OF A FAMOUS SONG: MINSTER LOVEL, WHERE THE TRAGEDY OF "THE MISTLETOE BOUGH" TOOK PLACE.

Photograph by H. C. Shelley.



Exhibitions—Protection from the Weather—Colonel Astor.

THE exhibits of motor-cars and their essential parts which are now to be seen both under the big glass roof at Sydenham and in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, are mere preludes to the mammoth show which will open its doors on Dec. 15 at the Grand Palais in the Champs-Élysées and our own leading exhibition, that which will be held at the Crystal Palace early next year. Nevertheless, both the present exhibitions are worthy of a visit by every keen motorist, if only for the novel accessories and fittings there to be found; but the National Show at Sydenham rejoices in an added interest in the shape of three of the 1904 models of the "Talbot" cars, which will make there their first public appearance, taking precedence even of the Paris Show.

The cars are a single-cylinder 6 horse-power, a two-cylinder 11 horse-power, and a four-cylinder 20 horse-power, the two latter fitted with magneto ignition and having all their parts, cylinders, valves, &c., interchangeable. Only those who are cognisant of the frequent difficulty and annoyance in obtaining the unstandardised parts of foreign-built cars can realise the comfort and convenience of this system. For instance, an induction-valve for the 6 horse-power is an exhaust-valve for the 20 horse-power, and so on, multiplication of the engine-power being obtained by simply increasing the number of cylinders. The agents for these cars, the British Automobile Commercial Syndicate, also have the chassis of a 27 horse-power four-cylinder "Talbot," a veritable *voiture de luxe* which for excellence of design and most perfect mechanical finish should not be missed.

With winter hard upon us, one sees attempts made on all sides to adapt the ordinary open tonneau or phaeton-pattern body to all the exigencies of bad weather. The usual method is to fit a four-post canopy over the whole length of the car, less the motor-bonnet, shut in the back and sides by weather-proofed canvas or leather curtains,

and protect the occupants of the front-seat by a framed glass screen depending from roof to dash-board, and which, when not required, can be slung up under the canopy and out of the way. Although this arrangement is comfortable, it nevertheless converts what has hitherto been a smart and stylish-looking vehicle into a very ugly conveyance, not entirely devoid of a suggestion of the roofed greengrocer's cart. What, to my mind, serves equally well, and at the same time improves rather than detracts from the appearance of a car, is to fit it with a long, low hood, formed with hoops so proportioned that when opened out it covers the car in from the back to the front as far forward as, say, a couple of inches above the driver's horizontal sight-line, and only just giving tonneau and front-seat passengers head-room. Such a hood, while it does not cause the car to have the semblance of a hay-wagon or present a large surface for windage, effectually protects the occupants of the seats, is free from draughts, and is smart withal.

The present head of the great Astor clan, John Jacob Astor, has now been for some time one of the most enthusiastic motorists in the States, and he is in the happy position

of being able to gratify this amusement to the utmost, for it is estimated that his income comes to something like half-a-million pounds a-year. Colonel Astor, as he is always called, first learnt the joys of automobilism during a visit to Paris, and he is now the proud owner of some of the most splendid cars in the world, a number of which are kept at his palatial "cottage" at Newport, that seaside village of millionaires where the Duke of Roxburghe first became engaged to his pretty American Duchess. But Colonel Astor remembers his famous grandfather's maxim, "Avoid ostentation alike in little things and in great." Accordingly, his cars, though exquisitely finished off and with every modern improvement, are yet severely simple in make and in no sense dandified.



A MILLIONAIRE MOTORIST: COLONEL JOHN JACOB ASTOR AT HIS NEWPORT RESIDENCE.



SOME OF COLONEL ASTOR'S MOTORS.

Photographs by Lazarnick, New York.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Manchester—Futures—Jumping—The Flat.

THE flat season is fast drawing to a close, and, to use the words of the orthodox racing-reporter, the curtain will be rung down at Manchester on Saturday. The Manchester November Handicap may not yield as well as expected, as many owners will not run their horses on the new turf at Castle Irwell. I am told that Vendale, who has been doing a good preparation, will win easily. Mr. George Thursby's horses have not been doing much since Duke left for the States, but I am told he has a very capable trainer in G. Edwards. By-the-bye, some of the critics have been rather severe on the new Manchester course. I believe the race-track will in a year or two be a very good one, while the accommodation provided in Stands and Ring is very nearly perfect.

A fairly good acceptance has been received for the Lancashire Nursery Handicap, to be run on Thursday. I think the race is a real good thing on paper for Western, who ran third to Bass Rock at Derby. True, the distance at Manchester is six furlongs, but the colt was running on at the finish. I fancy Mr. Pullinger, who is well known in the City, will meet with better luck on the Turf now that his horses are under the charge of Marnes. The Castle Irwell Handicap, to be run on Friday, is worth one thousand sovereigns, and should attract a big field. Inishfree, now that he has shown his capacity to stay a mile, is very likely to win, unless Cerisier, who belongs to Lord Marcus Beresford, is smart. The Eglinton Nursery has, as usual, yielded well, as only twelve of a hundred and forty-three entries have gone out. Gridiron, who is trained by Hallick, has a chance with 8 st. only to carry, and Coxcomb, on the same mark, should not want for backing. As a good two-year-old can always be relied upon to give a big weight to a moderate horse of the same age, many, I have no doubt, will fancy Addlestone with 9 st.

Everything points to a busy season under National Hunt Rules, provided we get an open winter, and here I would suggest that Clerks of Courses ought not to be allowed to insure their fixtures, as we often see too hasty decisions come to in the matter of postponements. There were large fields at the recent Portsmouth Park fixture, which goes far to prove that the sport has at last caught on with owners. I think the Portsmouth Meeting will in time become a good dividend-earning concern—that is, when the management have built a bridge over the railway, so that carriage-folk may drive on to the course. I could never understand why flat-race meetings were abandoned at Portsmouth Park; at any rate, after the track had been perfectly built. A fixture held on the Saturday of the Goodwood week would, I am convinced, pay the expenses of the enclosure for a year.

The flat-racing season which draws to a close on Saturday has been the most successful we have had since the War broke out in South Africa; but, if rumour speaks truly, we shall go one better next year, for several owners are going to add to their list of horses in training. True, Mr. Whitney is giving up racing in England; but Lord Zetland will return to the Turf in 1904, and Lord Rosebery will have several useful two-year-olds in training. It is said the Marquis of Waterford—who is, by-the-bye, a nephew of Lord Marcus Beresford—is to run horses on the flat, and rumour says that the Earl of Sefton, who now owns some steeplechasers, will run horses on the flat next year. We still have the South African millionaires with us, which is lucky for the Turf, seeing that many members of our aristocracy, such as Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone, no longer patronise the Sport of Kings, which reminds me that His Majesty should win some big races with his two-year-olds next year, as I am told Marsh is pleased with the Royal yearlings under his charge.

CAPTAIN COE.

Standing, from Left—1, Mayor of Fulham; 2, Brown (Tottenham Hotspur); 3, McCurdy (New Brompton); 4, A. E. Milton (Cambridge University); 5, Duggan (Millwall); 6, Atherton (New Brompton); 7, Fred Wright junior, Gaiety Theatre (linesman); 8, J. Burns (George Robey's trainer); 9, Referee; and 10, Hunter (trainer).

Sitting, from Left—1, Rushton (Brighton); 2, George Robey (capt.); 3, Woodward (Tottenham Hotspur); 4, Cameron (Tottenham Hotspur); 5, Turner (Brentford); and 6, Miller (Millwall).



GEORGE ROBEY, THE FAMOUS MUSIC-HALL COMEDIAN, AND HIS FOOTBALL TEAM.

THIS TEAM RECENTLY PLAYED FULHAM A.F.C., THE MATCH BEING ORGANISED BY MR. ROBEY IN AID OF A CHARITY.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IT is a curious fact that such a very handsome woman as Queen Elena should have been so little photographed. Apart altogether from her Royal position, nine women out of ten with a tithe of her attractiveness would have been long since posed and presented in dozens of different positions and "creations." But vanity does not, evidently,



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THE FASHIONABLE COSTUME IN BROWN CLOTH.

"enter in" with the charming Montenegrin. Only two photographers have, so far, had the distinction of reproducing the Queen, and these are both Florentines. No Roman photographer, strange to say, has even snapshotted his Sovereign. Certainly the diadem-crowned head with which we are all familiar is a charming presentation, but one would have expected in this age of anecdotal photography some further variations of her graceful Italian Majesty's *ensemble*.

Queen Margherita has just built herself the most delightful country house at Grisonnais, on the French and Italian border. It is in the old Lombardian style, with five high-peaked towers around a central dome. All the furniture and fabrics are being specially designed by the Queen's architect, Signor Emilio Stramucci, of Turin, who is known all over Italy as a virtuoso of the first water.

It was our privilege when at Turin last week to see the old Palace where Victor Emmanuel I. was born. The ball-room had been turned into a Council Chamber, and over the seats one saw the name of Count Cavour and other departed makers of history. Nothing has been touched since the famous morning in May 1864 when it was decided to move the Court to Florence. Even the clock was stopped at the moment of that eventful decision, and there it remains to this day pointing at 10.15.

Taking Paris as a pleasant half-way house between "there and back," one noticed how the folk fashionable are frocking themselves in velvet this winter. Many shades are worn, but, amongst them, the fuchsia colourings queen it. Emerald shades are reserved for evening wear, and white velvet is a fashion, but it is never so completely

becoming as the same tone in any other material. New departures in jewellery illuminated the ravishing Rue de la Paix. Boucheron and the other masters seem to have tired of the "new art," and are now setting many coloured stones together with fine effect and in exquisite floral devices. How tired one gets, by the way, of "the Cymric" and all other morbid presentments in jewellery and nicknacks of the neurotic imagination! Those long-drawn maidens expiring under a vase or making vampire-like hoverings on a bonbon-box are distressing symptoms of our decadence, and should not be encouraged in healthy-minded households.

Apropos of new jewellery, several versions of the pearl collar appear at the Parisian Diamond Company's, which should still more popularise that popular ornament. The old straight slides are replaced by irregular "fantasies" in coloured stones as well as diamonds—pink topaz and brilliants, square-cut emeralds, coral, and diamonds doing very decorative service amongst other combinations.

Verging on Christmas, our thoughts always "lightly turn" to presents—either to be given or received—and for those in the latter category a visit to the jeweller's always seems the most pleasant and appropriate preliminary. At the moment, Bond and Regent Streets sparkle and glitter with precious things from one end to another, and country cousins stand paralysed with admiration six deep on the pavement. Quite a hive of smart young men centre round Hamilton's window, at 202, Regent Street, every day, and, amongst all the attractions with which they are baited of jewels and plate galore, the central allurement seems to be the "Hamilton Watch." This most commendable of all timekeepers should be known to all who are still unknowing, being the ideal watch of the modern man. It is made in several sizes, but has the peculiarity of being especially thin—perhaps not more than half the usual thickness—and is thus eminently suited for evening wear. The works are of guaranteed excellence, and the price varies only according to the kind of case with which they



[Copyright.]

A SEASONABLE COAT.

are covered. Apropos, Messrs. Hamilton have most generously given one of these watches to the Ophthalmic Hospital Bazaar, which is to be held on Thursday and Friday at the Great Central Hotel, so that visitors who aid this excellent charity will have the chance of winning a "Hamilton Watch" for sixpence.

As all the world and his wife seem to be *en route* for Cairo this winter, it may be a timely hint to many who are undecided over routes that the Anglo-American Nile Steamer and Hotel Company offer special and particular advantages to those who patronise their steamers. Of the various ways of going first-class the prices vary from twenty-two pounds to twenty-seven pounds ten shillings, and a very useful booklet is issued by the Company giving a programme of the Nile services from Cairo to the First and Second Cataracts, which is a mine of useful information to intending travellers. This can be written for to the chief office, Boulac Road, Cairo, or the London office, 72, Regent Street, or to 113, Broadway, New York. Being much of a mind to see this wonderful land before it is Europeanised out of recognition, I can vouch that no one assisting at the present flight into Egypt should set forth without the Anglo-American Nile Steamers Guide.—SYBIL.

ON THE TABLE.

"The Adventurer in Spain." By S. R. Crockett. (Isbister. 6s.)—Many of the incidents are the outcome of Mr. Crockett's actual experiences in Spain. The book is copiously illustrated, containing, in addition to Mr. Gordon Browne's pictures, several photographs taken on the spot by the author.

"The Story of a Soldier's Life." By Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley. (Constable. Two Vols. 32s.)—This book is a record of the men the author associated with and the noble actions he witnessed. The frontispiece to the first volume is a photogravure portrait of Viscount Wolseley; that to the second is a photogravure portrait of Major-General Sir J. Hope Grant. It is curious to find the Preface to the first volume repeated in the second.

"Central Asia and Tibet." By Sven Hedin. (Hurst and Blackett. Two Vols. 42s.)—These two handsome volumes, which literally teem with interesting illustrations, not a few being coloured page-plates, contain the account of Mr. Sven Hedin's journey towards the Holy City of Lassa. That he and his companions were not successful, but were, at the same time, aware of their good-fortune, may be surmised from the author's remark: "It is true we have not got into Lassa, but we have preserved our lives, for which we have every reason to be thankful."

"The Book of Garden Furniture." By Charles Thonger. (Lane. 2s. 6d.)—As may be gathered from the title, this latest addition to the series of "Handbooks on Practical Gardening" treats of seats, summer-houses, sun-dials, fountains, and all the paraphernalia of a garden.

"The Story of the Organ." By C. F. Abdy Williams. (Walter Scott Publishing Company. 3s. 6d.)—This is the latest volume of the "Music Story" Series edited by Frederick J. Crowest.

"John Constable, R.A." By Lord Windsor. (Walter Scott Publishing Company. 3s. 6d.)—This volume belongs to the series "The Makers of British Art." The book is illustrated with a photogravure portrait, nineteen plates, and a portrait of David Lucas.

"Paddy-Risky." By Andrew Merry. (Grant Richards. 6s.)—Irish realities of to-day—a collection of short stories of which the author's name seems an excellent symbol.

"Tychiades: A Tale of the Ptolemies." (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)—"Faithfully translated" by Alfred Dickeson from a manuscript written in the third century B.C. by Ornithovius.

THE ART GALLERIES.

AMONG minor art-exhibitions, that which is being held by those clever representatives of the London Sketch Club, Mr. B. De la Bere and Mr. Courtenay Pollock, at the Bruton Gallery is specially attractive by reason of its originality and variety. Mr. De la Bere is an artist of much individuality, whose unconventional methods are marked alike in his subjects, his treatment, and his medium. He uses water-colour in a manner of his own, combining it with plentiful chalk or pencil drawing, and sometimes obtaining the opaqueness of oils by the aid of body-colour.

Mr. Courtenay Pollock's statuettes are remarkable also for freshness of treatment as well as for the close study of character and movement. He is particularly happy in the representation of infancy, but the work covers a variety of other subjects, for there are delicate and graceful nudes, typical Dutch figures, and sketches of picturesque people of other lands, besides some portraits.

Mr. G. C. Haité has spent a busy holiday in Venice, the results of which will probably astonish visitors to the Modern Gallery, especially when they hear that he went there for a rest. Much may be done in four months, but a hundred works such as those now exhibited is a big achievement even for Mr. Haité, who is certainly among the most rapid and indefatigable of painters.

Messrs. Richard Smith and Co., of Worcester, have just issued their Bulb List for 1903. Like all the catalogues of this well-known firm, it is well illustrated and contains useful hints that will be welcome to both amateur and professional gardeners. Messrs. Smith make a special feature of naturalising and offer bulbs for this purpose at special rates, and ladies especially should note the remarks on the culture of bulbs in china bowls and vases. Among other specialities this season are their new Narcissus Poetaz Elvira and some choice exhibition hyacinths.

The Great Western Company have done much in the matter of low rates for agricultural and dairy produce, but they are now preparing a pamphlet for public circulation and distribution containing a list of farmers and others residing in districts served by their system of railways from whom dairy, farm, and market-garden produce can be obtained direct by the consumer. There are, no doubt, many agriculturists who will welcome the arrangement, and all that it is necessary for anyone to do in order to get his name included in this pamphlet is to apply at the nearest Great Western station for a form, which will be provided for the purpose.



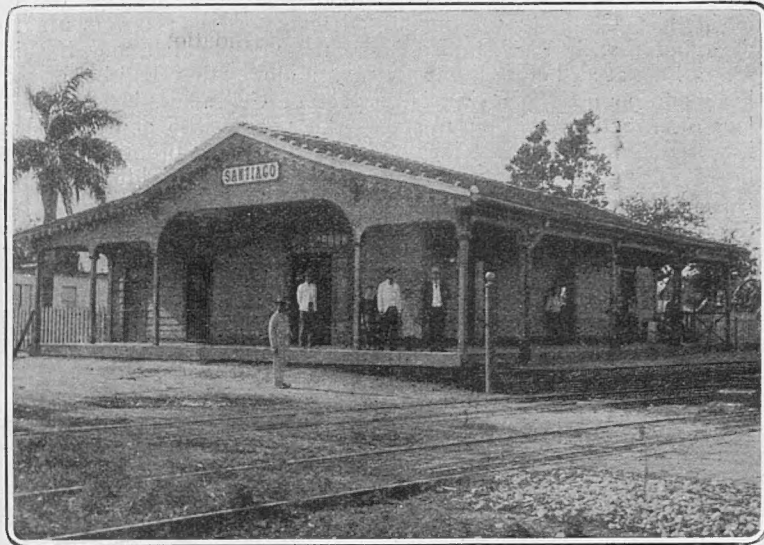
THE ROXBURGHE-GOËLET WEDDING: SCENE OUTSIDE ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, NEW YORK, DURING THE CEREMONY.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 9.

THE OUTLOOK.

MARKET improvement caused by the closing of bear accounts is apt to be of short duration, and we are not surprised to find that the little spurt of the early part of the week has more or less lost its force. For any real all-round improvement, good public buying, not professional closing of accounts for the fall, is



WESTERN RAILWAY OF HAVANA: SANTIAGO STATION.

needed, and that we have not yet got. There are signs of reviving public interest in Stock Exchange matters, but, to bring the public really back to the markets, a steady and continued improvement is needed. The report of the Labour Commission may induce market buying, but nothing short of evidence—and pretty strong evidence, too—that the majority proposals are to be acted upon will really bring the investor back to the fold. For months we have said that Chinese labour would most certainly be the salvation of the Rand position, and Mr. Hanau, at the meetings of the two big Barnato Companies held in Johannesburg on the 18th and 19th instants, has finally thrown in his lot with those who support the introduction of the Mongolians. With the majority of the Labour Commission and practically all the big mining-houses in line on the point, it is, of course, only a question of time as to when this solution of the present unsatisfactory state of affairs will be carried out; but, after all, the average man is shrewd enough to see that, when it comes to buying Kaffirs, this time question is really crucial.

FOREIGN RAILWAY STOCKS.

Two things there are which it is dangerous to mention to dealers in the Argentine Railway Market. One is the name of a certain Sunday paper with a penchant for veiled personalities, and the second is a hint as to there being a big bull account in Rosarios. As a matter of fact, the bull position is quite heavy enough at the present time in most of the Argentine stocks, the sharp rise in the prices of Argentine bonds having sent British speculators into the more congenial atmosphere of the Railway Market. The traffics, however, remain good enough to satisfy the most exacting stockholders, and, if measures are taken to set legitimate bounds to the ardour of bulls, we shall see prices go steadily higher yet before a fresh reaction takes place. The market is much rosier than that devoted to Mexican Rails, where the effect of the traffic muddle still remains. Indeed, it may be surmised that this trouble is not likely to be forgotten until the next report appears, and the unfortunate error has put a most disappointing damper upon the market for probably another three months. The Panama "revolution" has diverted attention to some of the Cuban Railway Companies, and this week, by the courtesy of the Western Railway of Havana, we are enabled to show a couple of typical scenes connected with the Company's system. From all accounts, it is evident that the once distressful isle of Cuba has begun to settle down into that pacifically prosperous state from which it was so rudely shaken by the Spanish-American War. The railways and industries of Cuba have apparently turned the corner of unrest produced by the struggle, and the Western of Havana is paying 6 per cent. upon its £10 fully paid shares, the market-price of which is now 10½. Turning to another quarter of the world, a feature amongst Foreign Rails is the steady absorption of Egyptian Railway securities, a good part of the demand arising from the Land of the Pharaohs itself, supplemented by buying orders from the omnivorous French investor.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

He was standing at the apex of the triangle formed by Throgmorton Street and Old Broad Street, and he looked the picture of perplexity.

"Hanged if I know what time I said I'd be at the Carlton," he

muttered. "Was it five or was it six? It was one of those idiotic hours, but which, I don't know."

The Eastern Telegraph clock pointed to a quarter to five, and there was a noise going on in Throgmorton Street such as our Stroller's heart loved.

"Must have been six," he soliloquised, looking at the Kaffir crowd. "Yes, I'm sure it was six," and his footsteps were already taking him in the desired direction when a heedless office-boy ran him down.

After the boy had collected his scattered letters and The Stroller his hat, umbrella, and parcels, our friend proceeded down the Street more quietly.

"S'pose you've nothing to do in Associated, have you?" a wiry little man asked him, as he walked round the fringe of one small crowd.

"Nothing, thanks," replied The Stroller, who is getting used to the puzzling ways of Throgmorton Street. "Are West Australians good?"

"Not so dusty," said the little man, briskly. "See your way?"

This was rather too technical for our friend, but he shook his head with an air of knowledge.

"Can't say I do, myself," confessed the other. "'Tisn't altogether a sweet market to be bullish in, but you're jolly well likely to get caught if you go short of 'em, aren't you?"

"Most decidedly," agreed The Stroller, who was getting more mystified with every sentence. "I certainly think so."

"Never mind," remarked his comforter. ("I don't," thought The Stroller, inwardly.) "Never mind; you will see Westralians better in the New Year, and I'm going to keep my Sons."

"A noble sentiment, sir," The Stroller said, with dignity, which was a little discomfited by the way in which the other man stared at him.

"Sons of Gwalia," the latter explained, suspiciously. "Aren't you old Brown's partner?"

"I have not that honour," replied The Stroller, whereupon all the little man did was to ejaculate, "Good heavens!" and disappear in the crowd like a children's actor through a trap-door.

The Stroller laughed, and moved a little to the westward. The crowd suddenly parted and a horse's head seemed to be suspended over the top of his hat.

"Narrow squeak that time," a stranger said to him after the hansom had passed. "Can't make out why on earth they allow the traffic to come down here at night."

"It can't make business any better," returned our friend, brushing his hat with his coat-sleeve. "That's the second time my hat's fallen off this evening. Are Kaffirs good out here?"

"Shade off from the best," was the reply. "Here, Jack, what do you want? East Rands or Randfontein?"

The passer-by stopped. "What ought I to do?" he asked. "Here's some silly Johnny wires up, 'Buy me two hundred Kaffirs if market looks like going better.' How can I tell?"

"It's an awful nuisance," sympathised the jobber. "I was a broker myself once, and know what it is. One doesn't like to lose the business, and yet the thing may go wrong, and your client curses you."

"Well, what do you think of them?" asked the other.

"To be quite candid, old man, I'm a little afraid of the things. I don't mind telling you I sold a bear of a few Modders and Rand Mines on my own, so I can't advise you to be bullish."

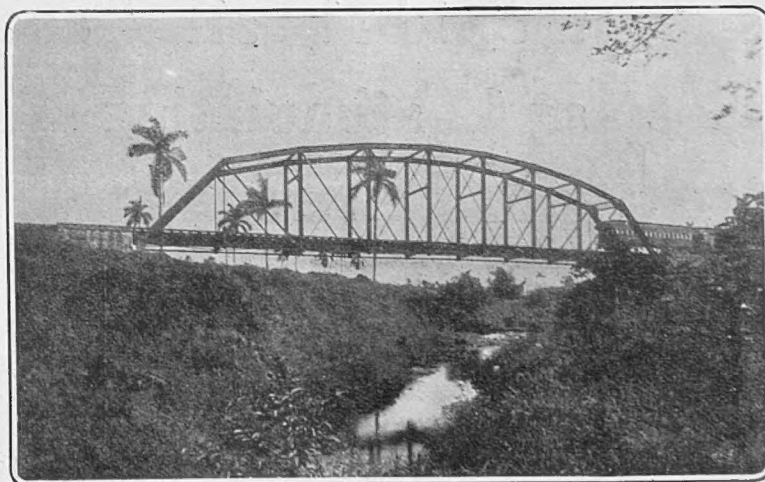
"Just what I think myself. However, I'll go and have a chat with a few more, and get a general idea."

"Give me the order if you can," the jobber called after his friend's retreating figure; "I won't rob you," to which a laugh was the only response.

"I think you're right," observed another man, who had been listening to the colloquy. "Kaffirs won't go better till the year has turned."

"And meanwhile I may have turned away twelve pounds ten," the jobber grumbled. "What a thing it is to have a conscience! Now, supposing——"

Whereupon The Stroller got pushed on to the pavement by one policeman, and was told to keep moving by another, so he edged his way past Warnford Court and looked about for his own broker.



WESTERN RAILWAY OF HAVANA: SAN DIEGO BRIDGE.

"Anybody want to deal in a couple of Thirds?" demanded a seedy-looking individual standing all alone on the opposite side of the pavement.

"Who wants to deal in Trunks at this unearthly hour?" a juvenile chaffed him.

"I do," replied the other, "so none of your cheek. Very fine property, Trunks."

"For a long shot," returned the boy, who wore a blue button rimmed with white.

"Long shot be—shot! Thirds will go to 50 long before you grow another pair of hairs on your upper lip. Why don't you borrow a cat and get her to scratch it?"

"Like someone I know wanted to do with a bad bargain the other day, eh?" retorted the youth, flushing for all his attempt at calmness.

"Look here, young man, you take my advice and don't try to talk big, or you may find yourself interviewing the Committee. Go home and tell your people to buy Trunks for a quick turn and—"

"Bless my soul!" The Stroller heard a man exclaim, stopping suddenly in front of him. "I've clean forgotten to buy those Consols for the old lady. And it's too late now. All the jobbers will have gone, and—"

"Send her a contract at to-night's closing price," suggested the companion at his side. "Can't go far wrong, because they won't open better in the morning, and you can buy them then."

"H'm! That's not a bad idea. I rather think I will. Consols aren't going up any more, and I really don't know why she wants to buy them."

"Why not try to put her off?"

"My dear fellow, here is the order," and he pulled a note from his pocket. "With definite instructions like these, you are bound to act, whatever you think. Coming down to the office?"

"Well, I rather want to be up West by six o'clock, and—"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed The Stroller to himself, "so do I," and, resolutely striding past the Yankee Market, he hailed a hansom at the corner of Bartholomew Lane and drove off to keep his appointment.

STRIKES ON THE RAND.

The striking of the reef upon the Robinson Central Deep property appears to have been even more important than the first announcement led most people to think. It was stated that the South Reef had been found at a depth of 1270 feet, assaying 4 oz. 15 dwt. per ton, the reef being 37 inches wide. It now appears from subsequent cables that the leader has been found below the South Reef, and that the total width of the South Reef, the leader, and the intervening quartzite, where met with in the shaft, is 5 ft. 9 in., the assay value being 3 oz. 7 dwt. per ton. The importance of this announcement can

hardly be overestimated, for, with this width, crushing stuff of such high values would lead to enormous profits.

Favourable news of this kind was bound to influence the whole market, especially when backed by a strike on the West Simmer as well. Robinson Central Deep's have risen over a-half, and several other Deep shares have also improved. After all, Lord Harris may prove a true prophet, optimistic as his last speech was.

THE ACCOUNT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

This, the mid-December account, is the last one in the year which the Stock Exchange can rely upon to contribute the average quota of business. Certainly the final settlement of 1903 covers nineteen days, but that, like self-praise, is no recommendation, and, if things are to hum at all before the twelvemonth closes, they had better make haste and begin. One singular aspect of City affairs just now is the lack of attraction held out to stags—the people who apply for shares in a new concern with the idea of selling at a quick profit. The issues made during the last month or two have been addressed almost exclusively to the investor, no temptation being offered for the popular subscriptions of the multitude. This, perhaps, is as it should be, but, in attempting to gauge the public's appetite too closely, the promoter, of course, runs the risk of seeing underwriters saddled with stock that they don't want, and most promoters would avoid this if possible. There are several important ventures of the high-class order ready to emerge before the end of the year, but it is doubtful whether any new issues will provide the Stock Markets with additional business for some time to come.

Saturday, Nov. 21, 1903.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

CHELT.—Whether you write off the loss and take your income as interest on the balance, or whether you count it as interest on the original investment, together with the money you have spent on the property, is a matter of mere book-keeping and of no consequence. Probably the soundest way of dealing with your unfortunate investment is to treat the income as interest on £367 10s. and write the balance off as a bad debt.

NEMO.—We know little of No. 1 in your list; No. 2 is a fair Industrial, and No. 3 would have been so considered a few months ago, but the decrease in the weekly takes makes it look speculative at present. We have no confidence in the bucket-shop you mention.

E. P.—See this week's Notes. The shares are a fair risk with improving prospects.

ALPHA.—The only securities from which you can get 6 or 7 per cent. with reasonable safety, as far as we know, are American Brewery Debentures—say, New York Breweries or United States Brewing Company.

BABY SOAP—WARNING.

While Vinolia Coal Tar Soap is prescribed by doctors as the very best of the kind, all "coal tar" is too harsh and stimulating for a baby's sensitive skin; remember, Vinolia Baby Soap and Vinolia Toilet Soap are specially prepared for the nursery and the complexion.